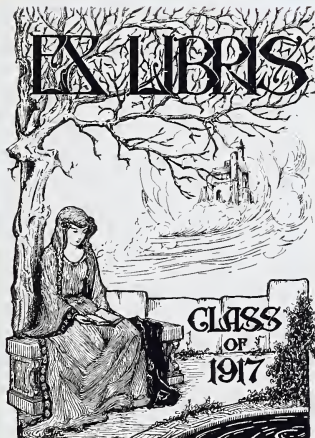




Carrie D. Howland



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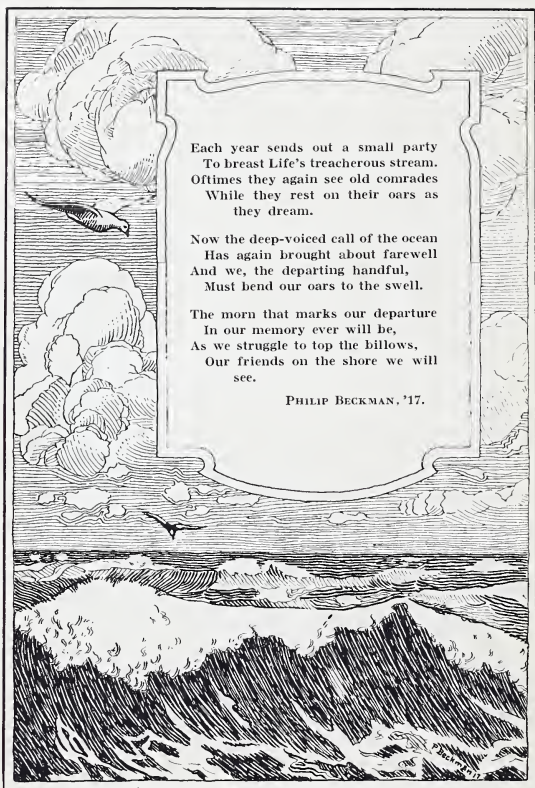
Wick :: Wilmerding :: Lux

Commencement -- June 1917

San Francisco Vol. 14, No. 4

To MRS. PHOEBE APPERSON HEARST,
OUR ESTEEMED *and* STEADFAST
FRIEND, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.





Each year sends out a small party
To breast Life's treacherous stream.
Oftimes they again see old comrades
While they rest on their oars as
they dream.

Now the deep-voiced call of the ocean
Has again brought about farewell
And we, the departing handful,
Must bend our oars to the swell.

The morn that marks our departure
In our memory ever will be,
As we struggle to top the billows,
Our friends on the shore we will
see.

PHILIP BECKMAN, '17.



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Senior Hymn

Rejoice today before we part,
Sing out with exaltation!
Rejoice that we with all our heart
Can give due adoration.
The greatness of thy name
We to the world proclaim:
Thy goodness thou hast told
To all within thy fold,
Thou Alma Mater, who us in life did start.
We praise thee, O our emblems bold,
For all thou given hast,
The blessings that thou dost unfold
E'en from the first year to the last.
Our hearts to thee shall raise
Triumphant songs of praise;
And let all voices say,
We'll sing of thee away.
Thy light has never failed our hearts to hold.

EMILIE HANSEN, '17.



SENIORS



Anne O'Donnell
Floy Cheney

Berenice Wall
Gladys Purcell

Barbara Ambler
Esther Cohn



George Nelson
Mark Landrum

Bertram Harrington
Charles Glenn

Robert Lamoree
Erbe Meyer



Robert Albers
William Barry
William Bepler

Mildred Adams
Philip Beckman
Elizabeth Bailey

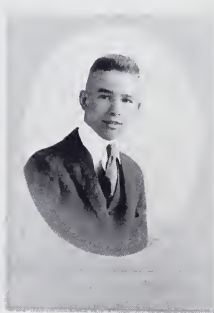
Frank Barz
Arthur Bibb
Charles Bradfield



Charles Costello
George Duncan
Adolph Girard

Helen Gardiner
Harry Clervi
Helen Greninger

Edward Crim
Robert Devereux
Hilman Eichorn



Elizabeth Hopkinson
Harold Havre
Ralph Hathorn

Harold Goldstone
Hilda Hering
Carl Hansen

Emilie Hansen
Leo Gianini
Terry Holberton



Edna Selk
Louis Imhof
Louis Koenig

Erich Hansen
Alice Kirby
Lester Lahusen

Thelma Koldenstrodt
Merton Knox
Osborne Lamoree



Blanchard Maynard
Yvonne Lloyd
Ted Maas

Julia Mau
William Mutch
Wallace Martin

Clarence Lynn
Ruth Janssen
James Marshall



Delacour Murphy
Edna Mackintosh
Walter Nelson

Marjorie Stott
Thorwald Nelson
Edward McIsaacs

Edward Newmark
Halcym Bullock
Walter Mulford



David Olney
Adelia Thielmeyer
Raymond Page

Katherine Renner
Herbert Schmidt
Arthur Planz

Norman Rousselot
Lilas Rapp
Gerald Stacey



Harry Stoltz
Beatrice Torrello
Howard Young

Minerva Steffen
Roland Tisne

Lawry Shippey
Marion Robinson
Donald Pira

Lux Senior Class History



as it really four years ago that we all arrived at the old Lick Building, with our hair down and our hopes high? It seems but yesterday. We were the last class to enter at Lick and we have ever been glad that we came in on the tail end of that glorious Lick spirit, that we hear of when Lick and Lux were one. No one would ever change back to the inconveniences of our first half year, but who shall ever forget the old "gym" court,—or the bungalow, or the "gym" barn?

Our first social appearance was at the bungalow, to be entertained by the Seniors at an awe-inspiring tea. Then the Juniors, not to be beaten, took us on a lovely picnic. Everyone ate a lot and got dirty and came home happy.

At Christmas time we moved to the beautiful new building on the hill. As Lux stands a little above the ordinary buildings around, so for us, in our life here, it has stood for the things a little above the ordinary. May it ever stand thus, for the hundreds yet to come.

In January we came back and were organized, under Ruth Hanlon as president, and Charlotte Deas as secretary. The spring term was quite eventful and we, as Freshmen, came in for our share. One of the pleasantest memories we shall carry away with us is the beauty of the Lux dedication ceremonies. Near the end of the year, a most unique pleasure was afforded us in the trip to Stockton to visit the Sperry mills. The Sperry Flour Company made our day truly wonderful.

Throughout our Freshman year we completely triumphed in athletics by winning every interclass. The record of the seventeen class in athletics is one to be proud of. Only two interclasses have been lost during our four years.

Freshmen soon became a thing of the past and we passed into that superior but inferior state—Sophomores. Hilda Hering as president and Yvonne Lloyd as secretary led our class through 1914 and 1915.

In the spring following the dedication of our living room to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, we were invited to her country home, Hacienda. We shall never forget that wonderful trip; it has been one of the events of our Lux life.

The girls who carried our Junior year through so successfully were Helen Gardiner as president and Marion Robinson as secretary. The Juniors began activities immediately by taking the "Freshies" to Stege Park for a picnic. It was a great success, to be shortly followed by the Junior dance, the climax of our year. Everyone termed the Junior dance very successful.

Our Juniority slipped away from us as if on wings and soon we were saying farewell to dear old '16, that one step between us and Seniority. How we hated to say farewell, but we did it properly, by means of a roof party, at which all professed to have a good time.

In August, 1916, the great step was taken and we became Seniors, with Berenice Wall as president and Esther Cohn as secretary. We have tried to be to Lux all that a Senior class should be, and to leave pleasant memories of '17 behind us.


Our Senior farce, "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace," was the triumph of our whole school life. We broke all precedent, financial and otherwise.

We are looking forward to "Senior Week" now, that period of joy and sorrow intermingled. With "Senior Week" and the Senior ball, we propose to end our Lux career successfully.

In looking back, the few unpleasantnesses disappear and the happy four years remain—rich in experiences fitting us for life, rich in lasting friendships that we have made and rich in the satisfaction of work well done.

Throughout our four years we have endeavored to give our best to Lux, but it can never repay that which we have taken from Lux—so our undying gratitude to thee, dear Alma Mater.

L. W. Senior Class History

IME has witnessed the passing of four years of our school life—four full years guided by an inspiration and determination to gain knowledge which must fit us for a larger field of work, “that we might be living men among our fellow-men.” Our High School life has moulded our characters and it has trained us in thoughts of the fellowship of man and of the height of his organization. When students work together, as the Seniors have done, for the common interest of their school, these interests have been better served.

The Lick Freshmen of 1917 were organized with Hess of '14 as president. Until Christmas, this class was taught self-government under the guidance of the Seniors. The Freshman class of Wilmerding, for the corresponding year, had for president, Ezra Albright, a '17 man. The practice of self-government was adopted by the class on entering Wilmerding. At the Christmas election, the Lick '17 class chose Bert Moissant as president. The athletic achievements of these Freshmen were astounding. They showed remarkable spirit in organizing their class football material into a squad which not only played a hard-fought game with the Seniors during the interclass, but also played a spirited game with the Freshmen of Lowell. One Freshman, LeGal, made the big team. Others of the class contributed their share to the other school activities. The Wilmerding fellows won the interclass track, swimming, and basketball events. On the whole, the class was well represented on the school teams. The Lick class won the Freshmen dual meet between the two schools. The first numerals were awarded to the fellows that took places in the different events of this meet. As anticipated, the coming union of the two schools brought a close to the dual meets.

One of the great events of our Freshman year was a Hallowe'en party, held at Lux. Although it rained during the evening, there was no less merriment, as the stunts were carried out in one of the corridors of the building. The Lux and Lick Freshmen presented a burlesque on the shops of the school. Those of Wilmerding were represented in a production called the “Talking Dragon.” The party awakened a new enthusiasm in the possibilities that lay in the uniting of the schools.

We are proud of our Sophomore year; it will long be remembered. By October, a form of alliance had been developed between the two schools of Lick and Wilmerding. Together with the Lux girls, advantage was taken of the opportunities made by the Exposition. We know it as the Exposition Year. The many events, the ceremonies in the Court of the Universe, the sports on the Marina, and the celebration of L. W. L. Day with the dance at the Missouri Building in the evening, were some of the enjoyable features of this year, while the many hours spent in the buildings broadened the student's knowledge of industries and of the many fields of the world's work.

The respective classes of Lick and Wilmerding were under the leadership of LeGal and of Maas, both of whom carried out successfully the duties of the year. With the opening of the year, the Wilmerding class won the track and swimming interclasses. Lick also won the track championship from the Seniors. The year marked greater success in the participation in the activities of the school, the result of earnest endeavor while Freshmen.

In our Junior year, the class of Lick and of Wilmerding were united. This resulted in close co-operative action in all the activities of the year. Elections of class officers were held twice during the year. Of the '17-J class and of the Christmas '17 class, on the second election, the incumbent presidents, T. Holberton and S. Schwartz, were re-elected.

Early in our Junior year, according to custom, a picnic was given to the newly-entered Freshman class. The picnic in all respects was successful, resulting not only in its purpose of bettering the relation of upper and lower classmen, but also in an enjoyable time during the event. In the latter part of the term, in conjunction with the Lux Juniors, the Junior dance was given at the Native Sons' Auditorium. The undertaking, our first dance, was a pronounced success, being carried out with credit to those who arranged and managed the affair.

In the various branches of athletics, the Junior representation was noteworthy. In football, LeGal, Crim, Duncan, Havre and Holberton made the football team, LeGal being chosen captain of the next year's team. In swimming were Holtz, captain of the team, Murphy, Nelson, Solomon and H. Young. In basketball, we were represented by Robertson, while Beckman took part in debating. Maillot, as manager of the baseball team, added further laurels to our reputation.

The Junior year came to a close. We were to become Seniors. In many respects the Freshman and the Senior years are of the greatest importance. We had now passed the period of transition. Seniors we were to be, and then graduates.

Officers elected for our Senior year were: Harrington, president; G. Nelson, vice-president; R. Lamoree, secretary; and Landrum, treasurer, with Holberton, board of control representative. Ted Maas and Bob Devereux had been elected editor and manager of LIFE. These two were to edit the four issues, this book being their last effort. The attention of the class for the greater part of the first of the year was taken up in the support of football. As captain, LeGal won the regard of the school; Duncan, as manager, managed the team well. Knox, having been elected Student Body president, rallied the school to the support of the team. The class as a whole led the school in a spirited manner in this field. Some did their part upon the football field, others played their part in winning support. The climax of the season was the Lowell rally, which exhibited the unconquerable nature of the Lick-Wilmerding spirit.

Prior to Christmas, the Senior social committee made possible a successful reception given to the '16-X class. Following the Christmas vacation, all incumbent officers were re-elected. Attention was then given to a coming event, which is of the greatest importance to the Senior. Harrington, in co-operation with the Lux Senior class president, Berenice Wall, began the work which resulted in the Senior farce, "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace." On the evening of the 24th of March, the farce was witnessed by a throng of people composed of those whose interests are those of the school and of the class, and of those who are Seniors, of those who will become Seniors, and of those who were once Seniors. To the graduating class, the last is indeed consoling, for once a Tiger, always a Tiger. May the ties formed in school never be broken. It would be little to say the farce was a success. So great an event was it that the class will ever remember the debt it owes to Miss Coffin, who coached the cast. Amongst those who made the farce possible, none is more worthy of credit than Gibson, the farce manager.


Ere classmates part, there is one last social event—the Senior dance. Perhaps even before it has taken place the Senior's mind may have traveled back over the course of four years, for which reason it is the more significant.

Not long after the beginning of the 1917 class, the world war broke out. None at that time knew of the import it was to have. As the Senior classes are given their diplomas, their country will have entered upon its part in the war. What effect it may have upon the individuals of the class cannot be foretold, although already many have done that which they believed 'was their duty.



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A Child of France

ILLIAM PORCUS and Hugo Ferreus were malicious persons and therefore were ultimately hung. Ere such good fortune to the world at large took place, they held jointly a station of renown and of splendor as masterly merchants in the city of Marseilles during the time of the thirteenth century. The known world was a great mart and the land beyond the Mediterranean was for these two goodly merchants a field of secret, but of most remunerative, trade with the much-hated Islam.

To them came upon a day in January, 1212, a monk, clothed in the distinguished garb of a pilgrim to the Holy Land. As the monk trod the streets of the city, he attracted but scant attention from the populace. To them his cause was a hopeless one. They had often watched the bands of thousands of knights and warriors embark hopefully in many ships on their errand to recover the Holy Sepulchre, only to watch the return of small numbers in a lost cause. The splendid arrays of Richard were still in the minds of the populace. Still two worlds faced each other as bitter, unrelenting foes. The world of Islam and the world of the Christian struggled for that which the first possessed and the latter coveted,—this was the Holy Land. The ignorance and superstition of the Dark Ages had but one ennobling dream, and that was to wrest the shrine of Christ from the blasphemous Turk. Surely a miracle alone could accomplish this.

Upon the bank of the Loir, opposite the village of Cloyes, France, a shepherd boy tended his flocks—a boy mature in mind, upon whom the attention of Europe was to be directed. Here during the idle day he was left to credulous fancies excited by the many tales of glory told by wandering pilgrims and priests, whose mission was to again urge the calling together of armies in the holy cause. At a later day, through the streets of Cloyes was to pass a maid destined to die a martyr to France. The Maid of Orleans was but to follow a predecessor, the boy Stephen, who led in a cause no less noble than that of the maid. The ardent youth longed for the day when he might bear the cross in expelling the Mohammedan. His life was one of obscurity. Aside from the days spent in the fields, it was one of squalor and of ignorance, not unlike that of the people of all Europe.

The monk, having visited Porcus and Ferreus, later passed beyond the walls of Marseilles to journey to northern France to further a stupendous scheme conceived by the two merchants. The journey was a tedious one, but in time the monk drew near to Cloyes. Here he was destined to fulfill his errand.

In Chartres, a neighboring village, upon the 25th of April, there was to take place the procession of the "Black Crosses," to commemorate the sufferings and death of those who had accomplished, not the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, but the reward of death in that holy cause. To this village Stephen made his way on this day. On the path to Chartres, a group gathered about a monk attracted him and he soon became one of the party. The monk, clothed in the garb of a pilgrim, was telling of the pilgrimage and of the suffering of the imprisoned Crusaders. Stephen was soon in the foreground, asking his many questions. The monk at once singled him out, having heard of his enthusiasm. Ere they reached Chartres, he had revealed to the wondering youth the part children were to take in winning a victory—a victory which knights and nobles had failed in securing.

The procession of the crosses, the spirited sermons and affecting prayers impressed Stephen strongly. All of which, with the proposal of the monk, weighed heavily upon him as he thoughtfully retraced his steps alone to his home village that evening.

On the following day, while Stephen was tending his flocks, the monk again sought him out. On seeing him approaching across a meadow, Stephen arose from his reclining position beneath the shade of several low trees. He stood in

deep excitement as the monk slowly came toward him muttering in Latin, the while the shadows played upon his cloak. With great solemnity, his countenance set, and his eyes peering into those of Stephen as if to read the depths of the boy's mind, the monk addressed him:

"I have again sought thee, for I have not told thee all. Yestertide I propounded to thee the course thou art to follow, but not the means thou shalt use. I bear here a letter to the king, commanding his aid. This, given by the Saviour to me! Thou shalt proceed to St. Denys, where, by holy preaching, thou shalt call all the children of France to follow thee as thy army. Thou art commissioned so by God, for 'hereafter shall children show mailed warriors and proud barons how invincible are youths when God leads them.'"

Unsuspecting, and with deep emotion, Stephen took the proffered letter. Being completely overcome, he could but kneel in silence. Having received the monk's blessing, the youth hurried away to the village, exulting.

Parental affection and remonstrance could not hold him. A higher duty called him. While the villagers were bewildered, their children hurried to Stephen's call. To St. Denys, the shrine of the land, they hurried, preaching on the way. At the church door, Stephen turned to face the stream of pilgrims that came day by day to pray at the shrine. With the unbounded enthusiasm of youth and with gifted and stirring speech, he awakened them to their duty, as had no other. Realizing an example at hand, he exclaimed:

"Ye Christian pilgrims, ye who come here to St. Denys, to St. Denys, a church founded in Christian security, to you who profess devotion to Christ, I come to expound a true means of trying the worth of protestations. Far away in Palestine lies the goal of a true Christian. There the Holy Sepulchre remains in the possession of the Mohammedan. Yet here ye are at St. Denys! Here to pray in security while your brethren suffer the chains of the Islamite! They as martyrs reap the rewards of God!

It has fallen to me to lead the children of France to Palestine to accomplish that which armed knights and kings have failed in doing. Doubt me not, for here I have a letter from Christ to the king. It is a commission from God! Make haste to your homes. Hurry your children here and to Vendome, that they may join those who shall reap the glories of God. Tell them that before the innocence of Christian children, pagan foes shall bow prostrate."

Stephen's theme and errand spread throughout the land, and many children, some as young as eight and twelve years, hurried to join his ranks. The king soon heard of the movement. He at first took no action, Stephen's letter in no manner having moved him. Later, seeing the evil to be done, he attempted without avail to suppress it. Many of the church favored the movement as a means of awakening Europe to the need of further crusades.

The children of the land rejoiced that to them had fallen a godly commission, for they were to show what children could do. Having sufficient numbers and with the cross upon their shoulders, and the Oriflammes waving, they marched in orderly procession through the towns of France, singing joyous songs and hymns of the deeds to be done. The prophet, Stephen, rode in his chariot, the most splendid that could be procured, and about him marched his many lieutenants. He was as one worshiped, worshiped by noble and by peasant alike, for from the castle, the hut and the hovel they came. At Vendome they waited for the further gathering of the children of France into their ranks. Daily the numbers grew, until they could not be contained within the walls of the city.

Late in July, the last band having assembled, in all thirty thousand children, the army set joyously upon its way to Marseilles, under an August sun, across a country suffering from drought, leaving homes and land without children.

At dusk of a day a month later, the authorities of Marseilles were made aware of a strange matter. Without the gates were a multitude of children, footsore,

hungry, and weary. They petitioned that they might be provided for but for a single night, for on the morrow the sea would open and they would march dry-shod to Palestine to win a bloodless victory.

Stephen and the children were admitted, many of the inhabitants believing their story, others doubting, yet benevolent to these children in a sad plight. The children's courage was renewed on reaching the sea and they awaited the morrow confident of success. Their numbers were greatly depleted, and Stephen had for a time lost his authority. It was now renewed.

The breaking of the next day found the children gathered upon the wharfs and quays. Eager little faces were turned to the eastern horizon watching the waters as the sun broke across them. They awaited the parting of the sea. Had not one done so once before? The miracle would surely occur again. But the day passed. The children awaited hopefully the next, and still another. The sea continued to roll placidly as before. The waves lapped the shore and wharves as if to speak comfort to the children whose faces were now tear-stained in disappointment and discouragement. Many began the long, hard, return journey, but many remained, partly in hope still that a means might be found to reach Palestine and partly in fear of the derision of their elders.

Many vessels had gathered in the harbor since the arrival of the crusaders. These were of the great fleet of the goodly merchants, Porcus and Ferreus. They now, in apparent benevolence and piety, volunteered to have the children transported to Palestine in the vessels then in the harbor, seven in all.

The hymns and songs were again renewed. Stephen again made spirited promises, and with child-like simplicity and trusting earnestness the little crusaders embarked upon the vessels to endure the hardships and dangers of a sea voyage. Many a regretting tear was shed as, following the solemn departure, the children watched the harbor of Marseilles pass below the horizon. Many crusades—not those of children, but of kings and knights—were to be pressed in the time that transpired between the leaving of these ships from Marseilles and the time when the first word of their fate was learned by anxious parents in France.

In the bow of the leading and largest ship, Stephen again held sway as the prophet of the child crusaders. Eagerly he would look out across the waves and tell them of his fancy of what would be their exultation when the spires of Jerusalem appeared upon the horizon. Such was their knowledge of Palestine. Three days of uneventful sailing passed by. Stephen's progress seemed assured of no mishaps. But, on the morning of the fourth day, the children were awakened by the tossing of the ships. By the middle of the day, heavy seas plunged over the quaking decks. At nightfall, the sea was heaviest, and the hearts of the children were filled with dismay and misery. Terrified, they clung to each other below the decks, the encouraging words of the few priests who had accompanied them proving of little avail. The ships became separated. Of the entire fleet, one group alone remained together.

The morning of the fifth day found the ships battered and partly dismantled, the sea running high, but upon the horizon appeared bleak, misty mountains. Once again there was rejoicing. But rejoicing only revived to give place to more blighting, terrible misery than they had as yet suffered, for toward them came several vessels. These, on sighting those of the children, had immediately put out from the harbor of Bujeah.

Soon Saracens swarmed over the sides of the vessels of the children. With coarse laughs and jeers they were made captives to be led away to slavery amongst the Mohammedans.

Often had the children heard of the lot of the slave. Horrified at the event, Stephen cried out with dismay, as his stately equipment was thrown into the sea and heavy bonds placed upon him. He with the many others was to be a slave

in a hopeless slavery. The fleet was divided, some being taken to the port of Bujeah, others upon a long, monotonous voyage to Alexandria. Amongst the latter was Stephen. Once landed, they were dispersed and sold. Many were sold in groups. A group of which Stephen was one were to be taken to far-distant Bagdad, that they might better be sold. To Palestine, indeed, they were to go, not in the fulfillment of a holy mission, but to be dragged in the dust through the streets, past the unconquered Sepulchre, captives. Indeed, as they had often sung,

"Our feet shall stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem!"

As children, they had left upon their journey. Once it was ended, they were older, older in experience. They had passed from the Christian into the Mohammedan world, and that passing obliterated their fate, except that in slavery they aged, perhaps believing they were forsaken, or perchance in the knowledge that God does not work in miracles.

In Marseilles, a monk hurried through the streets. His manner discouraged attention. He carried his reward. Two merchants sat at a luxurious feast, smiling upon it with satisfaction. They spoke to one another of schemes accomplished and of others to be furthered. Many parents throughout France awaited tidings of their children, who long before had left upon a holy mission, the while the two merchants, Porcus and Ferrus, lived bountifully. They had duped the thousands of children of France for their own profit. They, slave dealers, had sold them to the Mohammedans. Still they planned other avaricious schemes with which to deceive the credulous people, who pitied them for their loss in giving their ships to the children. However, the two merchants were ultimately hung.

EDWARD CRIM, '17.

The Legend of the Pond Lily

Against a mass of purple clouds, calm, dreamed the slumbering trees,
And fireflies' gay torches flung across the dew-pearled leas;
Lonely, an elderberry bush knelt by the dimpling pool,
While lily pads, with jeweled prows, sailed o'er the waters cool.
Then from the shadows densely dark, where soft the old trees slept,
A stripling birch, with stealthy tread, close to the blue pond crept;
There, mirrored in its crystal depths, he saw a star of night
With diamonds flashing on her brow and on her gown of white.
Entranced, the birch tree stooped and told the pale star of his love,
While like a broken silver ring, the moon shone from above.
Then sudden dawn shot arrows red athwart the misty skies,
And with a sleepy little nod the stars all closed their eyes.
But she who on the blue pool shone forgot her far-off home,
So night condemned the errant star henceforth on earth to roam.
The fairies lifted lily-pads and taught her how to float;
Thus, ever since this blossom fair rides in an emerald boat.
A zephyr from the flowers stole their dainty, sweet perfume
And scattered it with dewdrops, upon the slumbering bloom;
Smiling, a slanting sunbeam danced across the waters cold
And filled the lily's trembling heart with spikes of burnished gold.
Now when the summer winds breathe low, and soft the stars die,
This blossom lifts her cup of pearl, gold-filled, toward the sky.
The birch still leans across the pool and keeps his faithful tryst,
Reflected like a silver shaft where the sweet star he kissed;
And far outshining all the lights that pierce the dome above,
The sweet pond lily spreads her leaves and shines for him—her love.

BRENDA ROBERTS, '19.

Was It Nerve or Ultra Luck?

NOUR young men were lounging disconsolately in the shabby parlor of a country hotel. Their faces reflected various degrees of disappointment as Phil Sawyer explained in detail the damage done to the automobile in which they were having a fortnight's outing and which would require until the next day to repair.

"Just our luck," exclaimed Franz, the pessimist of the party, as he sprawled on the broken backed lounge, "Danby is the worst hole we could possibly be stalled in on our whole trip."

"Oh, well, we'll have to stand it, though I don't like the idea of twelve more hours in this burg," replied George Gilbert.

Just then Ed Harris, who had been looking out of the one window, exclaimed: "Look, oh, look, boys, isn't she a dream!" His hand fluttered to his heart as if the shock was too much for him. The others rushed to his side and through the wide mesh of the net curtains beheld an unusually pretty girl walk briskly down the street, engrossed in a letter she had evidently just received.

"I know what I'll do this P. M.," quoth Ed.

"Call on the lady, why not?" sarcastically questioned Phil.

"How did you guess it, Phil, my boy?"

"Ed would try to be funny if he had a boil; it's his way," commented Franz.

"Bet you I'll call on the girl and introduce you to her this evening."

"Done," cried the three in a breath, only the bet had to be multiplied by three to satisfy the takers.

"If you don't mind letting us in on the particular style of insanity you expect to pursue, what's your idea?" asked George.

"Certainly." Going to the table he picked up a copy of the Saturday Evening Post and pulling himself into an attitude of courteous alertness, he addressed the boys.

"I have here a publication that boasts the largest circulation of anything comparing it in worth, value and merit. I see by your intelligent countenances that I need not explain further." He paused while a chorus of groans greeted the interruption.

"Have you really the rawness, the nerve, to try that on a harmless unprotected female?"

"He'll get what he deserves."

"Let him go to it," were the comments.

"Lend me your fountain pen, Phil. Lost mine."

"Take it, but that is the condition I'll expect mine to be in from now on."

Ed next made a hasty plunge into the office.

A few moments later he returned with the information that he was about to call on Miss Helen Thomson and as she lived in the white house within sight of the window they were invited to watch him as it was far from his desire to deceive them in any manner whatever.

During this time Miss Helen had rushed into the white house calling to her mother.

"A letter from Jim, and, Mother, he says his chum Ed Brooks is ordered home on sick leave and has promised to stop at Danby and call on us. First hand news from Jim; isn't it fine? Why, this letter is dated Monday; it must have been delayed. His friend may be here at any moment. I'm so excited." Her soldier brother on the Mexican border was her especial pride; again she referred to the letter.

"Ed is a prince, been more than good to me, Sis, but he is awfully shy and I'll expect you to encourage him a bit at the start. Only his friendship for me made it possible for me to get him to stop off."

"Mother, I do believe that is he now. Will you meet him or shall I; the two of us might prove too much at first."

Mother Thomson smiled and whisked herself into the kitchen with a motion to Helen to answer the bell.

"Is this Miss Helen Thomson?" asked our would-be book agent politely.

"Yes, and this is Ed, I'm sure. Come right in. I'm so delighted and excited over your coming. How did you leave Jim? I just this minute brought his letter from the postoffice; it certainly was delayed. I'm going to show it to you and then you'll see what he thinks of his friends. It was so good of you to come. Mother will be in soon." This burst without a chance for our hero to so much as correct the mistake, which he hadn't an idea of doing as soon as he had read the letter and gotten his cue. He had friends in the same company and a brisk correspondence had put him in possession of many facts concerning life in the border camps. Nothing loath, he was soon drawing maps of the quarters occupied by Jim and himself and entertaining Mrs. Thomson and Helen in an amazing fashion.

"Oh! Just to think! I haven't said one word about Evelyn yet—you've heard of Evelyn?" quizzingly.

"Evelyn?" Ed put his hand to his head in mock concentration. "Where have I heard that name before?" What a laugh greeted this sally.

"Jim is so interested in Evelyn and there, I'm going to phone the girls to come over this evening. They would never get over it if I didn't give them a chance to meet Jim's chum. You are to stay to dinner of course," with a pretty air of imperiousness.

"Then I must phone some acquaintances at the hotel who would wait dinner for me," Ed replied, and the three friends at the hotel were electrified to hear that, "I'll not be over until later as Miss Thomson insists that I dine with her and meet some of her friends later."

"Aw, he's stringing us, he could phone from anywhere."

"Yes, but we've watched the house and he hasn't come out, at least the front way."

"Leave it to Ed. He has the nerve. Oh, say, I'll go over and find out if this is straight." Phil was down on his knees hauling out an old ledger from under the lounge. "I am taking the census of Columbia county. I have helped take the census and I know how, easy—easy."

The two remaining boys watched Phil stop at the few straggling houses that lay between themselves and the white house of their interest. This he reached and scribbled in his ledger diligently, to their great amusement. While receiving courteous answers to his hackneyed questions he failed to actually see Ed Harris, though he was conscious of someone's presence in the sitting room. Finally, in desperation, he asked if he might have a drink of cold water.

"Certainly, sir, one moment." He heard her call from the kitchen, "Oh, Ed, don't you want to help me draw some water from the well?" Then he actually saw and was convinced. Ed certainly deserved all the credit possible for clever work. What was the answer? While awaiting the drink he glanced at the open window of the sitting room and there on the table carelessly lay his fountain pen among a litter of papers. Instinctively he reached in to recover it and at just this moment, Robert Thomson, Helen's younger brother returning from school, saw what to him was a suspicious act. Now Robert had the ambition to become a great detective and like all great detectives thought quickly and to the point. Phil felt the need of explaining his presence and turning to the boy said:

"I am taking the census and am waiting for a glass of water. Are there any people employed on this place?"

"Got Jones, our hired man?"

"No."

"I'll find him for you; better come down to the barn when you're ready."

A refreshing drink was disposed of and he sauntered down to the barn. Robert was waiting for him.

"Step in here out of the sun." He indicated the open carriage house door. "Jones will be right in."

Unsuspectingly Phil stepped in only to have the door swing to and hear the click of a lock. What could it mean? Meanwhile the young detective debated whether to call the sheriff or first to tell his chum and decided on the latter move.

Patiently the two friends waited at the hotel. What had become of Phil? As they stood wondering, they saw a young man with a traveling bag coming toward the hotel.

"Franz, don't that look like Ed Brooks? It is Ed. Must be home on a leave, but why is he here?" They rushed out to meet their friend, whom they had last seen when he left for the Mexican frontier early in the spring. Explanations were exchanged and a great light dawned on George.

"Ed, is the lady you are to call on Miss Helen Thomson?"

"Why, yes, do you know her?"

"We will know her or know why," was the puzzling answer.

"Franz, our brave Ed has in some manner impersonated the brother's friend who was to call on his way home from the South. We must spoil his celebration, but just how?"

When all was understood by the newcomer he said, "I'll not go over and get Ed Harris into a mess. He is welcome to be my representative. I can explain to Jim and he will understand and uphold us, if by so doing, my friend spends a pleasant evening with the 'Danby' girls."

Oh, say, can't we break into the festivities by going over with our banjos and mandolins and offering to play for the gathering?"

At dinner they were still busy trying to concoct a plan to get even with Ed or at least share his fun. Nothing that the bashful Ed Brooks would consent to was suggested when a call came for them on the phone. We will leave them to answer it while we return to the white house and see the much envied Ed Harris perspire uncomfortably in his false position. Robert had been hinting at the dinner table of suspicious developments about the place and assured them that he was quite capable of handling the affair. The dinner was excellent and the host and hostess kindness itself, but the plotter did not feel himself so justified as he had and was uneasy at his certain denouement.

"Did I hear you mention acquaintances in Danby?" suddenly asked Helen.

"Why, yes, I met three of our home boys on an auto trip. They are waylaid for repairs and insist I return with them."

"Why not phone for them to spend the evening here. We can have a regular picnic. Oh, do!"

Ed could not resist the completion of his bet with his chums, besides it would be easier to meet the end if they were with him, or wouldn't it. With a feeling of abandoning all to chance, that had seemed to favor him so much that day, he walked to the phone and called up the hotel.

"If you three haven't any special plans for tonight Miss Thomson would be pleased to have you spend the evening at her home and meet some of her brother's and her girl friends." He hoped they would be bright enough to make out their play from the wording of the message. The astonished three were wiser than he knew, but the presence of the second "Ed" was a surprise in store for him also.

"We three?" they commented. "Where can Phil be? Talk about mystery!"

A jolly company of young folks spent a memorable evening at the Thomson's that night. How curious that these boys from a neighboring town should have so many acquaintances in common with the "Danby" girls. It only needed "dear Jim's" presence to be quite complete.

What of poor Phil? When he realized that the boy's prank meant more than a moment's imprisonment he looked about. In the rear was a window, and though it was hastily fastened, it was but the work of a moment to force it and release himself. His dignity was hurt, however, and would not allow his return to the hotel to be laughed at. He went by a back way to the repair shop where they had left their auto. The workman was bewailing the absence of his helper and said the job would be complete in "no time" if only he would return. Phil only too gladly offered to do what was needed and as a result the machine was ready for use by nine o'clock. Thinking to surprise the boys he donned the driving gear and drove to the hotel only to hear that word had been left for him that the others were spending the evening at the Thomson home. Mystified but undaunted, he drove over and calling for George gave him a hastily scribbled note.

"If I'm not in on this it ends for you right now. A telegram demands an instant start for home. Signed: 'He who must be obeyed.'"

Of course there were regrets at the curtailment of the fun, but the boys were all strangely amenable to reason and with very good grace bade "Au revoir but not goodbye" to the pleasant acquaintances made through the assistance of nerve or ultra luck.

The Lux Vestalia

The Vestalia was first used as part of the dedication ceremony of the Lux School, May 22, 1914. The ceremony followed the Roman form of the Vestalia rites in which the Roman matrons came to the temple of Vesta bringing offerings and praying for blessing on the home. Each succeeding Senior class has carried out these Vestalia rites with various suitable modifications. The present Senior class will present the ceremony in its original form as used at the Lux School dedication.

CONSECRATION OF THE LUX HEARTH

Vesta, goddess of the burning hearth, is the divinity of the home. In her temple at Rome a sacred fire was religiously kept aflame by virgin priestesses. No new colony, no new home was duly consecrated until its central hearth was lighted from the holy flame in the temple of Vesta.

The festivals of Vesta—the Vestalia Rites—were held with great pomp in Rome. Matrons crowded to the temple to pray for blessings on the household. On plain and old-fashioned ware, they carried offerings of food into the temple.

Loved and greatly honored by all, the Vestals have become symbolic of all things pure and good in Woman and Home.

PROLOGUE

You are in ancient Rome, the skies are blue;
In reverential mood, you make your way
Within a temple, where the sun bursts through
With lordly stride, to recreate the day,
And, as you think of her, once vital here,
The ruling goddess of the home, the hearth,
You seem to see a pageant drawing near—
To see the Vesta ritual's rebirth.
Stands Vesta on an altar there above;
Within her hands an urn of living fire,
The flame of Purity, of Truth, of Love,
Six Vestals guarding lest the spark expire.
"No home is blessed," you hear the goddess say,
"Unless the hearthfire from this urn be lit.
Love in the home will wither and decay
Unless the flame of Vesta nourish it."
The matrons hearing, throng about the urn,
Each offers there her hearth—a torch unlit.
At Vesta's touch behold it glow and burn,
Then turns each matron home to cherish it.
Look ye with reverent eyes! The maids bear gifts,
In thanks to Vesta for the light she brings.
Leave ye with reverent steps, your day dream drifts,
The pageant fades—an oriole faintly sings.

PRIESTESS:

What do ye most desire, who enter here;
For if it be not love of home and hearth
And all that home may mean, draw ye not near.
Leave ye this temple—fare ye forth!

SPIRIT OF LUX:

Vesta, we consecrate a new home here today,
And for the Lux hearthfire we would pray
A glowing ember that in love, we may
Live in contentment, live in peace away.

PRIESTESS:

And promise ye to tend at the hearthside?
And promise ye the service that home brings,
The willing service that should be your pride,
That makes the home worth more than crown of
kings?

SPIRIT OF LUX:

Yea, Vesta, pledge we here our hearts and hands
In willing service, all thou dost require,
The service that fulfills thy high commands.
Inflame our loyal hearts with sacred fire.

PRIESTESS:

Come to the Vestal altar, holy shrine,
That glows beneath the heaven's protecting dome;
Light thou thy hearthfire, may its flame divine
Kindle thy heart and sanctify thy home.

SPIRIT OF LUX:

O Vestal Fire! our guiding star!
We pledge our fealty to the home we've planned
Pure and unblemished as these embers are,
So may our light shine forth o'er all the land.


PRIESTESS:

Grow thou in beauty, home of truth and love,
Live thou in peace who enters at this door;
May all thy life a willing service prove;
The goddess Vesta guards thee evermore.

SPIRIT OF LUX:

Vesta, thou goddess of the hearth and home,
The spirit of the Lux School greets thee now;
E'en as the fairest maids of ancient Rome
Brought their thank offerings to thee, bending low,
Grateful that thou hadst lighted them the way
Toward humble homes, to make them glorified,
Bring we our gifts, e'er yet another day,
Bring we our gifts to have them sanctified.
Vesta, our choicest food, we bring to thee;
May Want ne'er find a ready entrance here.
We bring the distaff, symbol may it be
Of clothing and of comfort and of cheer;
And we bring water, cleanser of the home;
Bless thou these gifts—each servest so to tell
The home-maker her duty as it comes:
To do the common things uncommonly well.
Bless thou our homely tasks from day to day,
Bless thou the brands that from our hearth go forth,
Bless thou thy maidens as they take their way,
Bless thou the home-life over all the earth,
Bearing our glowing ember forth we fare;
With reverent steps we leave the hallowed shrine
To tend this flame, our sacred charge and care,
O Heaven-born Light! O Light of Home Divine!

"He Who Hesitates Is Lost"

OMMY SHARPE had just passed his eighteenth birthday and was preparing to graduate from high school. Tommy was kept quite busy preparing several little speeches he intended giving his teachers when he applied for his recommendations for college. Several of the teachers from whom he had taken first-year work doubted whether he deserved "recs" on the strength of his last two years' work. In his own mind Tommy was quite willing to admit that his chances of convincing the skeptical teachers were greater if he could convince them of his knowledge without taking an examination. All of which leads to an explanation of why he had not made his "recs" for each year. During the last semester of his third term he had passed through one of those crises which all fellows pass through. According to one noted authority, this occurs about the age of seventeen. The crisis was a bad attack of the dance craze. He first noticed the symptoms after the junior dance but instead of causing him any worry they merely caused him to look for shorter methods of doing his home work and "getting by." If left to himself Tommy would have recovered completely. No one becomes a success at anything without a motive. But alas for Tommy. He met his motive and to hear him tell it she sure was some motive. Her name was Virginia Norpe.

Virginia was one of those girls who are born dancers and she was considered an authority on the latest steps. She had only to see a new step once and thereafter she could dance it to perfection. Virginia took a liking to Tommy's care-free, happy-go-lucky manner and they soon became good friends. She took pains to show him all the latest steps and by dint of much practice he gradually became a "classy stepper." For the next few weeks, life for Tommy consisted of one dance after another.

The spring vacation came and Virginia went to the country. Parents have an annoying habit of shipping attractive daughters away to the country—especially if a fellow calls more than once a week. Tommy tried "staggering" but found that without Virginia he lost much of his "pep" (lack of motive). During the earlier days of vacation, time hung heavy on Tommy's hands. Then one morning he decided to try his luck at ice skating. The first time was one grand nightmare. It is probable that Tommy spent more time in getting up than in skating. He kept at it, however, and it was not long before he was "there." He soon became one of the fastest skaters at the rink. By the end of the second week he began to notice the fellows skating with girls and began to wish—(you know)—but Tommy did not know a single girl there and besides, he felt decidedly nervous about asking any girl whether he knew her or not. He no longer doubted his own ability to keep his feet, but he surely did get panicky at the idea of supporting some fairy with weak ankles.

One morning, though, one of his classmates came with a girl and Tommy had the privilege of skating with her. Discovering that a girl partner who could skate was an added joy Tommy resolved to make the acquaintance of one in as short a time as possible. Upon looking around the rink he found that there was not a girl present whom he knew, and nice girls did not skate with fellows they did not know. (?) So Tommy thought. You can see he still had a few things to learn. Numerous boy friends told him that an introduction was unnecessary and after many false starts and under pressure of much guying by the fellows he finally decided to find out, first hand, for himself. Like Columbus he decided to take a chance.

As the music started he nonchalantly stopped in front of a girl who seemed to be alone and asked her if she would like to skate. The girl looked at him for a minute and asked:

"What is your name, please?"

"Sharpe."

"Why, I cannot remember meeting you before." Turning to a small boy beside her, she continued:

"This is my brother; perhaps he can introduce you."

As far as the brother was concerned Tommy might as well have been Adam. During this time Tommy was becoming very red in the face and finding some difficulty in expressing himself clearly. After a moment's hesitation, the girl asked:

"Were not you at the last assembly?" Here at least was where Tommy showed his ability to grasp an opportunity.

"Why, certainly, I danced with you there," came back the answer and Tommy assumed an air of injured innocence. Thus was Tommy's first battle fought and won.

She could skate well and liked to skate fast, so she and Tommy got along fine. He learned that her name was Lucille Carroll and that she came to the rink quite often. Later on in the morning he decided to ask her for the "couple only." He thought he would show her how lucky she was by making a hockey turn. This is very spectacular and never fails to impress onlookers with one's skating ability. This time, however, something went wrong, and with a wild wave of his arms, Tommy suddenly sat down immediately in front of Lucille. He arose considerably shaken and wanting to crawl under the bench and forget all about it. Miss Carroll came to his rescue.

"Never mind! All the good skaters fall once in a while."

Tommy hurriedly brushed the ice from his clothes and they started around. Tommy gathered that she did not care much for dances, but that ice skating never tired her. By the end of the morning session they were quite well acquainted and Tommy wanted to ask her to come skating with him that afternoon, but the question always stuck in his throat; but when he said goodbye, he had her telephone number and also her permission to call her up. Tommy certainly made use of that privilege. After the first week the number of times that Tommy went skating varied in direct proportion to the number of times that Lucille's mother allowed her to go. But all good things must come to an end and, in this case, the end consisted of the commencement of school.

Back at school Tommy naturally enough met Virginia and also attended the first dance that he had been to since the close of school. After attending a couple of dances Tommy began to long for the ice rink. Of course it was not because he knew he would ask Lucille, it was merely because he desired variety. So one night, in answer to her invitation, he told Virginia that he really ought to study for an "ex." The only studying that Tommy did that night consisted of studying the latest approved methods of taking corners on one skate.

Tommy was in that enviable position where he could choose between a dance or skating and be assured of an acceptable partner. The dexterity with which he kept his dates from conflicting would have done credit to a diplomat. Like all diplomats, Tommy often had to ask the advice of another and his advisor in chief was Robert Josephus Fairchild.

Bob, as all his friends called him, was an athletic fellow and popular with all the fellows. Bob and Tommy were like two old shoes together. One could always tell where the other was. Their only difference was in regard to girls. Bob's opinion was often expressed in the single sentence: "Girls are all right to look at, but—"

And Tommy would always reply, "It's a good thing you were vaccinated or you would have been caught, too," for Bob could have been popular with the girls had he so desired. Nevertheless, every time Tommy had to make a

decision between Virginia and Lucille he invariably asked Bob's advice, and what is more to the point, Bob was usually able to straighten out the situation.

Finally, though, there came a situation from which Bob could not help him. On the evening of the fifth of May, Virginia was to give a supper dance and, on the same identical evening the club of which Lucille was president was to give a skating party at the rink and Tommy realized that neither of the girls would take a flimsy stall for an excuse. Bob had been introduced to both Virginia and Lucille a short time before and perhaps this made it harder for him to help Tommy. Who knows?

Every time Bob met Tommy he would say, "Well, made up your mind yet?"

And Tommy would say, "Yes, I'm going to the skating party," and Bob would answer, "That's hardly fair to Virginia, you knew her before you met Lucille. Tommy would then answer, "Holy Smoke! I can't go to both, can I?" and walk off.

The next time Tommy was sure to say, "Bob, I've changed my mind. I'm going to Virginia's party."

"Yes, I guess you ought to—but then Lucille is president of that club and you are sure going to miss a great time."

"Ye Gods and Little Fishes, what is a fellow going to do?"

Bob would always shrug his shoulders and say nothing. In this manner Tommy lost many valuable days without coming to a decision. One morning he was startled to see the date May 3, 1917, staring at him from his paper. To waste time was impossible; going to the phone he called Virginia.

"This is Tommy," he began.

"Oh." It was a cool, unencouraging "Oh."

"You see, it's this way, my folks are going to the country for the week-end and they wish me to go with them and I did not like the idea of telling you that I could not come to your party."

"Oh! I'm so relieved. When you did not answer my invitation I thought that you were not coming and I invited another boy. I thought now that you were going to tell me that you were coming."

Tommy shivered. For the first time in many weeks a girl was telling him he would not be missed. He tried to excuse himself by saying, "Well, you see, I've been so busy during the last few weeks—"

A queer little laugh stopped him. "Ice skating?"

Tommy's voice refused to work. After a few hurried excuses he hung up. After spending a few minutes in telling himself that it really did not make any difference, he again reached for the phone and called: "Sutter 4321."

"Sutter 4321."

Lucille herself answered. "Yes?"


"I'm sorry I could not answer your invitation sooner." He wished to smooth things over. His self-confidence was badly shaken.

"Who is it, please? Ah—Tommy! I really had forgotten to let you know. Well, it's too late now. I had heard that you were going to Virginia's party and so I asked Bob to be my partner at the rink."

Tommy was forced to lie cheerfully, "Then my not being able to come won't inconvenience you. Goodbye." After hanging up the phone Tommy reflected. Thoughts passed through his mind, but the most persistent of all was "He who hesitates is lost."

LEONARD F. McELROY, '18.

The "Kid's" Education

HEY were holding consultation in true miner's fashion. There was a roaring fire in the rude fireplace, and six men were seated around a table of rough pine boards. The light of the fire and of one sickly candle in the neck of a black bottle lit up the faces of the group. The cabin was hazy with smoke from six black-looking pipes. On the table stood a jug and a few tin cups; a pack of greasy cards were distributed around; while in the center of the table was a small pile of shining gold dust and tiny nuggets, showing an interrupted game of poker.

The interruption had come an hour previous to the opening of this story, when a lad of seven had entered with a little dog under his coat. Every face at the table had lit up with a parental look, and every hand had dropped the cards, face up, upon the table, although a moment before the pile of gold had been replete with human interest.

Someone had told the lad of a little dog that had fallen into a deep hole on an abandoned claim some distance from the camp. No one knew whose dog it was nor how it came to camp, but if the kid wanted it, he could have it, and there were six brawny men to defend his title. In short, the boy had been made happy in his possession and sent to bed after feeding and making a bed for his new-found treasure, and the men had been left to finish their game.

But all interest in the game was gone. "Big Jim" brought his horny fist down upon the table with a thump that made the tin cups dance, and almost overturned the candle.

"Look here, pals, this 'ere ain't no place for that kid," said he.

The men around him looked rather startled. Jim continued: "Look at this 'ere table! What kind of an education is this for a youngster?"

The men's surprised look changed to one of shame, and little "Swedish Tom" reached out and gathered up the cards, as he remarked: "They are not much like a prayer book, if that's what you mean; but if his dad had lived, he'd known not much about any other kind, would he?"

"That's just it," said Jim. "I'm not much on religion, but there's one thing I allus believed: that things happen for the best, and when that kid's father got shot, down at Pete's saloon, I thought 'twas a good thing for the kid, but if this kind of thing keeps up, he won't be any better off, as far as I can see."

They all agreed and each had some tale to the boy's credit; each story lost nothing in the telling. Then the question of the boy's education came up.

All the men agreed to quit cards and saloons as long as the boy was with them. As the cards took fire and blazed up, the faces of the miners took on a new look. Jack Hauty, another of the boy's adopted fathers, rose slowly, took a worn paper-covered book from his pocket, laid it on top of the burning cards, as he remarked: "I'll raise your ante, Bart, old man," and at that every man was on his feet to call Jack's raise.

"Now, the question is," said "Black Bart," "who is a-gun-to teach the kid. It won't do to let him know that we don't know it ourselves." They all agreed that "Black Bart" was right, so Jack produced a stub of a pencil and a piece of paper, and they got together again and reduced the prayer to writing, so that each man could study it himself.

It was not an easy thing for these rough men, and it took a week of hard work before they knew it, letter-perfect. In the meantime, not a card was turned, and Pete's saloon missed the patronage of six men.

Then it was agreed that they were to take turn about, teaching the kid. They pulled straws, and "Big Jim" drew the short one.

"I'll begin the lesson tomorrow night, boys."

The following evening, as the time grew near for the first lesson, the men became restless; "Big Jim," especially, kept looking at his nickel watch, and when at last the hour agreed upon came, Jim took the kid aside and began talking to him. The big fellow's voice trembled and he swallowed hard several times before he began.

"Kneel down, kid," said he; "I'm going to teach you your prayers." The boy knelt down before the big man. Jim then began, "Our Father," but he got no further, for the child took up the prayer at the second word and repeated it word for word to the "Amen," while the men stared in consternation from one to the other. Jack Hautry stooped, picked the boy up, and as he drew him to his shoulder, asked him where he had learned the prayer.

"My mother taught it to me before she went to heaven. She told me to say it for my father, so he would not drink nor gamble. Now I've six fathers; I say it six times every night."

Jack Hautry paced the floor.

"Well, pals, the kid's been a-teaching *us* the Lord's Prayer."

FREMONT RALSTON, '19.

Among the Mesquite

OUT in front of him, stretching mile after mile to a far distant range of hazy blue hills, lay a broad plain, flat but thickly covered with cheerful green verdure. There was game out in the creosote brush and mesquite and there were good guns hanging on their racks in the big living room. There were Mexican bandits across the border and war rumors flying about as thick as bees in a hive. It was in the great Southwest and one would have thought, the one place of all a boy would like to be in.

But Arthur Clair, sitting in the cool shade of the ranch-house veranda, looked out over this wide expanse and frowned sulkily. Just because his dad owned a cattle ranch in that country was no reason for hauling him off down there. That was not the reason either. His father could have told him, but he thought it better to keep silent regarding his reasons for removing the son from the cultured East.

"If anything is to be done for your son, Mr. Clair," said the principal of the boarding school on the closing day, "you will have to help. We cannot do it alone. He is clever and is a good athlete, but he is held back from any real success in life by an obstacle it will take some time to overcome."

"And that obstacle?" asked Mr. Clair.

"Slang expresses it about as well as anything can," replied the principal. "Big head! He is a bit too sure he is cleverer and better than anybody else in the world."

So Arthur found himself out on the ranch instead of in the summer "Camp for Boys" in the Adirondacks. He had not wanted to come, and he determined not to enjoy himself. He would not ride, he would not hunt. The big, wonderful world outside would not tempt him. So he sat around the house sulking the livelong day.

He wrote to his mother saying, "I don't see why I should be treated like this. Here I am dropped into the deadest, dustiest, hottest hole I ever saw, while other boys are having the time of their lives in the mountains. Can't you persuade Dad to let me go to that camp in the Adirondacks where I can have some fun among some decent fellows? There is only one other fellow down here and he is a boob named Dave Crosby. He is the son of the ranch foreman. Dad

asked him to come up here so that I could have someone to fool around with, but he is always working or doing something that doesn't interest me. He is a regular blockhead. He don't know a thing about ice skating, tennis, football, polo or golf."

The country boy was big, sun-burned, slow and quiet. He could not join in the games Arthur suggested, nor in the conversation. Any pastime he tried to teach Arthur was speedily denounced as "stupid."

"Some day when you don't have to work," Arthur said in a patronizing tone, "I'll show you some of the plays in polo that will give you something to think about in this dusty old hole."

Dave looked at Arthur with wide, quiet eyes. "You're shore kind," he drawled, "but I will never have time." And he never seemed to; he was always working.

Several weeks slowly passed and time hung heavy on Arthur's hands. He resisted all his father's efforts to get him to join in the quaint, simple recreations of the West. The second fortnight was beginning when Mr. Clair, greatly depressed by the total failure of his scheme, told the boy that they would leave for the East in two days. Two days! Arthur woke up. He was willing to spend those last two days in a perfect whirl of activity to make up for all that which he had lost.

So after dinner he saddled a wiry little horse and prepared to set forth. At the gate of the corral he met Dave Crosby, who had just finished feeding the horses.

"Which way are you going?" inquired Dave.

"South looks good to me," said Arthur.

"It's not safe, Art," said Dave, looking up at Arthur. "You know that's the border down that way. Villa's men are on the rampage again and you know how much mercy one of those greasers has."

"Oh, well, I'll take a chance. I am going to have a good time the rest of the while I am down here. It's long enough as it is." Arthur touched his horse's flank with his quirt and jauntily cantered out of the gate.

"Say, Arthur, come back here. You know that's not safe down there. Come on back," cried Dave, looking after Arthur anxiously.

Arthur impatiently cried back, "You should worry," and kept on riding.

That particular part of the borderland in which Arthur rode was dotted with creosote bushes and mesquite and seemed peaceful enough. Now and then a rabbit scurried out from under the mustang's feet, and away ahead, an antelope flashed into view and was lost again. But Arthur Clair's thoughts were at the Adirondack camp with the boys there. He rode along in a long easy lope as he meditated. After quite a time he raised his head and listened. For a moment he listened and then stopped his horse and turned it around. He soon saw the crown of a tall, gray, felt hat bobbing up and down above the brush with the undulating motions of the horse beneath. He immediately recognized its owner as Dave Crosby. As Dave rode up to Arthur's side and reined in, Arthur demanded, "What did you come down here for? Can't I ever be alone?"

"Not down this way. That's the reason I followed you. It's not safe to ride alone or in a bunch down here. Let's go back."

"Aw, tell that to Sweeney," said Arthur in disgust. "Go back home if you're afraid."

"We'll both go back," retorted the plains boy.

"Like fun we will," responded Arthur hotly. "So you came along to protect me, huh? Well, I don't believe there is any danger. Do you get that?"

"If you mean you think I'm a liar, it don't worry me much when I know who is thinking it and when I know what I say is true," said Dave coolly.

"What I say doesn't make much difference, does it?" Arthur cruelly jerked the bit of his pony and began dismounting. He was furious. "Well, we'll stop right here and see if it doesn't."

"Do you mean you want to fight?" asked Dave.

"Exactly," was the grim response.

"Well, we'd better not do it here," said Dave.

Arthur laughed. "All right," he sneered, "but I've called you just the same. What you're afraid of down this way is me. Bandits!" he snorted in disgust.

"Let's go back," said the other tightening his reins. "And forget that stuff about my being afraid of you. I am afraid of Villa's bunch. The brush down here is just wigglin' with 'em. Let's go."

"Aw, yes," cried Arthur with a taunting laugh. "Let's go! You can be because you're afraid of me!" With a light lift of the reins, he sent his mustang flying down the road. He was exhilarated with the swift motion and elated with having got the best of Dave. He looked back over his shoulder. Dave had stopped and was staring off at the right. Arthur laughed again and kept going.

Then Dave shouted but Arthur paid no heed. There came the quick, sharp crack of a rifle. Behind him on the right, Arthur saw four Mexicans riding down an arroyo with the very evident intention of cutting him off from Dave. Another shot followed the first and a bullet cut the horn of his saddle.

Arthur raked the sides of his pony with his spurs, urging it to its utmost speed. Where was Dave Crosby? He was speeding toward him, plying his quirt as he came. He heard Dave shouting; the men were shouting, too. Arthur glanced back. Dave was not in sight but the men were coming on. They were bandits, Villa's men. Dave had not lied. Arthur dug his spurs into the pony, urging it with voice and rein to go faster. The men shouted savagely; bullets flew about him with their horrible, droning whine. He considered turning to the right or left into the brush but he did not dare to try. A moment's hesitation on his part would bring the bandits upon him. Desperate with terror, he called aloud to his horse and the little beast responded with a burst of speed which carried him around a great clump of cactus, out of sight of his pursuers. Then a steady voice penetrated his ears.

"Take your feet out of the stirrups," it said. "Don't slow down. Jump and let the cayuse go on." It was Dave Crosby and Arthur obeyed blindly.

The next moment he was lying full length in the dust, and the mustang was sent flying on by a sharp cut from Dave's quirt. Dave jerked Arthur's arm.

"Let's go," he said.

The boys were on their hands and knees in a dry arroyo, scurrying along, heads down, breathlessly. Back in the direction of the road arose a chorus of angry shouts, followed by an outburst of firing.

"They've found you've taken to the brush," muttered Dave. "Let's go!"

He began to run forward on his hands and knees with great swiftness. Although he seemed not once to look over his shoulder to the right or left, he kept winding in and out where the brush grew thickest and afforded the best means of concealment. The blinding, choking alkali dust rose in their faces like smoke. Arthur, shocked by his fall, and the wild unreality of their escape, began to feel an overmastering weakness; his joints ached, his wrists were faint and wobbly. With the aching of his body and the alkali dust that kept his throat and eyes parched and smarting, Arthur Clair felt that he had almost come to the end of his strength and almost wept to lie down.

As for Dave, he had at first turned very red with streams of perspiration trickling down his face. Then the sweat dried upon his face, and the dust coated him with a layer of tan, ashy dust. His breath came in a sort of a crying whistle but—he kept on. It was courage of the right kind and Arthur recognized and sought to imitate it.

The air grew cooler. Arthur's hands were scratched and bleeding; his parched mouth hung open; he fought for every inch he dragged himself along. Then his wrists doubled under him, and he went helplessly down into the dust.

"Dave," he gasped, "I—I can't."

Dave put his arm around him and managed a grin. "We'll go," was what he said.

And that was all Arthur knew until he found himself before the gate of the ranch in the cool darkness. Dave was hammering at the latch he was too weak to open and the noise brought several men running to the gate. Among them was Arthur's father.

When he saw who it was he said, "Thank goodness you're back." He put his arm around Arthur and turned to the corral where lanterns were moving about among the stables. "Here he is, boys," he cried, and turned back to Arthur and Dave. "I gave you until eight o'clock before we started scouting. All the men were getting ready to start searching for you. We thought surely you were lost when you didn't show up after supper. We were only waiting to make sure you weren't just late."

Then Arthur started to say a great deal, but he grew incoherent and then dumb.

Dave said, "We came up through that bunch of mesquite down there next to the border. It's some dry in there."

Then the men from the corral came crowding up, lanterns in hand, and began questioning the boys and congratulating them upon their narrow escape in their rough but kindly way.

"You shure was lucky to get away with a whole hide with no souvenirs of Mexican lead to pack around with you," was the sentiment voiced by most of the cowboys. "If they'd of got you, Dave, every mother's son of us would uv gone thru th' whole Greaser army and filled every one of their cursed carcasses so full of lead that they'd sink a battleship," was the way they expressed their approval of Dave's deed.

The next morning Mr. Clair's parental firmness had had time to reassert itself.

"What did you mean by going down so close to the border? You've been the cause for the loss of two good horses. Arthur, I feel disgusted with you. I thought you knew better, but I hope you'll know better the next time someone advises you who really knows. You certainly owe a great deal to Dave."

"Nobody knows that better than I do. And say, Dad, can I stay down here instead of going back East tomorrow?"

"Why?" ejaculated Mr. Clair.


"Because Dave's the best and bravest ever and I'm a mutt. It'll do me good, Dad. I don't want you to be ashamed of me. Let me stay down here with Dave a year and then we will be ready to go back East, both of us."

Mr. Clair looked amazed for a moment, but not for long.

"I believe I will," he said; then to himself, "The scheme worked after all."

JAMES DORRANCE, '18.

A Yellow Angel

HE Chinaman was anything but attractive, yet at the very first sight of him Cuddles testified to such rapture from her high chair that he just had to take notice. One glance at the alluring little thing was all-sufficient. Her bewitching baby-shyness crept right into the heart of the old pagan and made his dull eyes shine. He went nearer, holding out a hand. Cuddles twined all her waxen fingers about it and the conquest of China was complete.

"Ah! Nice blaby! Yah Sing like blaby—nice li'el blaby."

"Oh! Ah! See? Goo-goo, ah, see," cooed the child, and on that moment did the friendship of Cuddles and Yah Sing begin.

Yah was a silent, ugly-looking old fellow, who preferred living alone on the city's outskirts in a clean, little shack, to the crowded Chinese quarters. Everyone shunned him, even his own countrymen; but his laundering was perfect, and his charges so reasonable, that he was kept uncommonly busy in spite of his repelling personality.

But outward and visible signs were as nothing to Cuddles, and as time passed there was no mistaking her love for him—love which she proved in every way that baby wit could devise. Small wonder that Yah worshipped her and showed his adoration in a thousand ways. Nothing could exceed the loving care he put on her tiny garments.

By some reasoning of her baby brain, she seemed to know when to expect him, so twice a week the little creature watched eagerly from window or yard for her beloved "Ah Su."

When he turned the nearest corner almost on a trot, Mrs. Johnson, the fastidious mother, had not the heart to deny them their play times.

The baby's favorite game with Yah Sing was to push off her little slippers again and again, just for the fun of having her devoted slave put them on, to the accompaniment of the most gleeful chatter and laughter.

Thus it went on through the spring and most of the hot record-breaking summer, until one day, as Yah reached the house at the usual time, no Cuddles was visible. He went around to the kitchen door and knocked. Presently Mrs. Johnson appeared, wan and tear-stained.

"Where blaby?" Yah timidly asked.

She told him that Cuddles was very ill—the doctor gave them little hope. Dropping wearily into a chair, she sobbed: "Oh, Yah, I can't give up my baby—I can't!"

Yah's face took on a yellower hue. He looked around at the neglected kitchen, then picking up his laundry, said:

"You have allee work done. I come back one hour—I tend things."

He returned so quietly that no one heard him. With deft hands he cleared up and when Mrs. Johnson came down to dinner, she found it on its successful way, for it takes a Chinaman to find everything needed without inquiry or effort. Her tired eyes showed gratitude.

"How Cuddles?" Yah inquired.

"No better—yet," she returned tremulously.

"You not bother 'bout anything—I tend evleething tonight," he commanded gruffly.

Early the next morning he was again at his post and his throat rattled in some strange manner when he was told that the baby was barely able to hold her own. From that time on he quite naturally assumed charge of all the household duties and took turns watching by the child's bed while the mother snatched a little rest, for the father, like the great majority of bread winners, could ill afford to stop work for much short of death itself.

Now and then the baby rallied for a few moments and seemed to recognize Yah by smiling weakly and clinging to his hard old finger, while his eyes rained scalding tears of fear.

There came a day when they realized for sure that Cuddles would soon be beyond all earthly care. Yah was hovering very near when at last the baby soul passed on, and the young parents, strangers in a strange city, turned unconsciously to him for comfort.

He worked for them, stoically hiding his own grief as his race know how, and on the day of the funeral he was invaluable.

The white hearse containing its small burden, followed by a couple of carriages containing the parents and a few sympathetic neighbors, wended its slow way to the cemetery, not so far off, no, not so very far; but still, rather a long way for a grief stricken, tired out, very old Chinaman to trudge along, always keeping a respectable distance behind the procession so that no one noticed him. Neither was he noticed at the cemetery, where, with face buried in shaking hands, he knelt out of sight, but near enough the tiny grave to see the loved little form gently lowered.

No one paid any attention to him as he stumbled back under the burning sun—hurrying now so that he might be home first to help baby's father and mother. Again he served them silently and well.

As he was about to leave, Johnson said: "How much do I owe you, my friend, for your work—although money alone could not repay you for your kindness."

"No pay—all for Cuddles," he answered with quivering lips.

Johnson wrung the old man's hand in heartfelt gratitude.

"But if we could only show you how grateful we are," Mrs Johnson cried. "Is there something we can do to make up for your lost time with your laundry work? You know how we feel, how we appreciate your goodness—don't you, Yah? You savvy?"

"I savvy," he answered simply. "No pay—all for Cuddles—but I like blaby face—I like one li'd slippee—you no care?"

Johnson looked puzzled, but mother love understood perfectly. The baby's mother quickly brought him the last photograph of Cuddles and one of her worn little slippers.

"I thankee. Ploor fadder, ploor mudder, ploor Yah Sing—we got no blaby now. Yah Sing sollee but Cuddles all light now; Cuddles no more sick now. I come to-morrow get wash. Good-bly," and Yah went out into the night.

The morrow did not bring him, so after the evening meal, Johnson went out to his shack. Receiving no answer to his knock he pushed open the unlocked door. Yah was lying on a cot in the bare, clean room as though asleep, but even as the visitor called to him he realized that nothing more could bother the old Chinaman.

Propped up on a chair drawn near the cot was the picture of Cuddles, and tightly clasped in a withered yellow hand was a worn little slipper.

ELEANOR PROPPE, '19.

Japanese Art

JAPANESE art is admired by most art students. The layman is apt to dislike the work of our little brown cousins unless he has studied art to some degree.

There are some points about Japanese art which strike the student immediately. There are fixed laws to which all Japanese painters must adhere if they wish to become famous. They have to draw certain things in certain months of the year. The Japanese believe that the artist must be inspired before he can paint. He does not paint directly from the landscape. He goes out, gets the inspiration and impression of the scene on his mind, and then paints it from memory. Thus, only the principal points are brought out. On distant trees there is no foliage. The leaves of trees never interfere with the branches or the trunks. In painting landscape scenes, the Japanese have three main points: Heaven, Earth and Man. If a mountain is drawn ten feet high, a tree would be one foot and a horse one inch and a man about the size of a bean. This illustrates one big difference between the Japanese and American schools.

The Japanese do not use oil paints. They have their own particular paint called sumi. Sometimes they use water-colors. They sit on the floor to paint and they never use easels. They use rice paper and a fine grade of silk for their paintings. Some artists prefer rice paper to silk.

Japanese youths, whose parents wish them to become artists, begin to learn as soon as they are able to hold a chop stick. The first course in the study of art takes about four years. First they copy pictures, then paint them from memory. They then trace the original and try to get the strokes in the same order. Next a Japanese artist is taught to reduce the drawings, keeping the same proportions. Groups work together on one piece of work, and most of the masterpieces probably have had more than one person working on them.

Another one of the numerous different points is that the Japanese try to do their work in as few strokes as possible. The artist holds several brushes in his hand at once and draws them over the paper. He does the main parts first and then the details.

Next in importance are the wood engravings and prints. During a period of a little more than a hundred years there were produced in Japan large numbers of wood engravings, printed in colors. These have of late come to occupy an almost unique place in the esteem of European art lovers. So great is the importance now attached to these works that the Japanese public of earlier days, for whose delectation they were designed, would be astounded if they could see them now. Just as obscure Greek potters moulded for common use vases that are today treasured in the museums as paradigms of beauty, so the colored broad sheets, whose original purpose was to give pleasure to the crowds of the Japanese capitals, have taken in the course of years a distinguished rank among the beautiful works of art.

The day is passing when the love of these sheets can be looked upon as the badge of a cult; the secret delight of far-searching worshippers of the strange and exotic. The Japanese print is swiftly becoming a treasure.

It was in Yedo, the capital of Japan, that the art of color printing flourished first, and the patrons sought by the artist were primarily the common people. In these prints appear the forms and faces of the popular actors, in their admired roles, fashionable courtesans dressed in all the splendor of their unhappy but far-famed days, legendary heroes, dancers, wrestlers and popular entertainers. In the matter of landscape the scenes shown are the festival crowded temples of Yedo, the sunlit tea-gardens, the gay midnight boating parties


of the Sumaida River, the great high roads of national travel, and the famous spots of popular recreation. Only rarely are there episodes from aristocratic life. The artist's sense of beauty subdues the riotous pleasures of the populace to the severe demands of a beautiful pattern; but it is a whimsical, vulgar world, a world of the people, a world of passing gaiety that he portrays.

The plebeian origin of the prints explains why the cultivated Japanese have not as a rule looked upon them with much enthusiasm. Only now, when the greatest print treasures have gone out of Japan are a few of the Japanese artists and collectors beginning to buy back at high prices works which they allowed to leave the country for a song. The admiration of Europe and America has awakened them to a realization of the distinction of the prints, in spite of the undistinguished nature of their subjects. The day will come yet when the Japanese themselves will be the most formidable bidders at the sales of great Western collections.

In conclusion it is probably best to impress the reader with the fact that the Japanese do not paint things as they are, but as the things impress them.

MARTHA WICKERSHAM, '19.

The Invention of the Aeroplane

HE aeroplane, which is now playing such an important part in the great world struggle, is naturally an interesting and appropriate subject for discussion at this time. Very few people have no interest whatever in the aeroplane. Some are vastly interested in the exploits of the "bird-men" and in the vital necessity of the aeroplane in the present war; some are interested from the scientific standpoint, and still others look forward to the time when they will be able to enjoy a spin in their own aeroplanes.

The history of the aeroplane is only a part of the history of man's struggle to conquer the elements which surround him. It forms a part of the history of the conquest of space, which is even now progressing. The conquest of the waters was begun when the savage first learned to swim. After many years, this was followed by the invention of clumsy boats and paddles. Possibly centuries elapsed before a sail was made use of, and then, after its perfection, man conquered steam and made it his greatest slave. Encouraged by his victories over the waters, man naturally desired to become master of the air, also. In all ages, therefore, great ingenuity has been expended in efforts at flying. Only recently has man come within a reasonable distance of his goal.

This conquest of the air was not won through a happy incident, although many inventions have resulted from such; for it took many centuries to learn the science of flying and many more of experiment and investigation to learn its application. During these experiments, many machines were built and many lives sacrificed for the ultimate benefit of man. The action of wings, their size, lifting power and resistance, and the power required for locomotion, all had to be carefully determined before the modern aeroplane was possible. Probably no other invention has required such long and patient preparation.

If it were possible to regard all ancient and mediæval literature without more than a grain of doubt, we might believe that aerial flight by human beings was accomplished long before science acquired its name. The first tale of aerial navigation was handed down to us from the Greeks, who tell a wonderful story of how Daedalus and Icarus, having been imprisoned, made great wings of feathers, which they sealed on their arms. With the aid of their wings they arose from their prison and sailed over the sea, but Icarus rose too high and the gradual increasing of the sun's heat melted the wax of his wings, and, falling,

he drowned in the sea far below. And thus, the first aviator met his fate. However, the first practical aviator seems to be a Greek called Achytas, who invented a small wooden dove which, it is said, was able to fly fifty feet and more.

Until very recent times, all attempts made at aerial flight had been those in imitation of birds. One of the greatest investigators into the mysteries of flying was Leonardo da Vinci. He began by dissecting the bodies of birds to determine the action of the wings, and the power necessary to drive an air craft. From his experiments he concluded that the strength of the muscles of even the strongest man was relatively slight as compared with the corresponding muscles of birds; therefore, man would not be able to fly, even if he had a perfect pair of wings. By the many failures in imitation of birds, man learned that he must use other tactics if he wished to conquer the air.

The man who gave us the first real idea of the modern aeroplane was Professor Langley. He put forth the propositions that a flat plane driven through the air in an inclined position will lift a considerable weight, and that a rapidly-moving weight requires less strain to sustain it than a weight in a stationary position. These two propositions form the foundation of the modern aeroplane.

The great German scientist, Helmholtz, after years of study, finally reached the conclusion that man would never be able to fly by his own power alone. A fellow-countryman, Otto Lilienthal, disagreed with him on this point. He believed that a man could learn to soar like a bird, and he proved his theory before his death by many wonderful flights from hill-tops in gliders. In some of these flights he even rose higher than the hill from which he started, and often traveled a distance of twelve hundred feet.

Sir Hiram Maxim, in the year 1894, developed the idea of using a propeller, run by a motor, and constructed an experimental machine. His apparatus was not a small affair, weighing a few pounds. On the contrary, it was a huge machine about four tons and carrying a steam engine that developed some three hundred and sixty horsepower in the screws. It was two hundred feet in width and mounted on a car track, along which it was to run to acquire the necessary initial velocity before mounting into the air. The trial was made, and when the machine had developed a speed of thirty-six miles an hour, it lifted itself into the air and actually flew about three hundred feet.

And thus we see that the nineteenth century produced what we may call the true "fathers of the aeroplane"—Lilienthal, who gave us the shape of the aeroplane in the rough, and Maxim, who determined the size and power required to drive it. With the opening of the twentieth century, the world was well prepared to carry on its conquest of the air. A greater interest was taken by the public and great strides had been taken toward the perfection of light and efficient motors. It seemed that it only remained for some scientist to combine all this knowledge in the proper way to produce the practical aeroplane.

This is really just what happened—two unknown Ohio boys, Wilbur and Orville Wright, actually succeeded in the conquest of the air. They would never have succeeded had it not been for the centuries of preparation by those who had preceded them. When mere children, they had begun to read and study the books of the martyrs of aviation, until by the summer of 1896, they were fully prepared to carry out their experiments. They decided that it would be wise to first construct an aeroplane that would fly and then to build a motor to suit it. For four years, experiments with gliders were carried on, until, by 1900, one was constructed that would fly six hundred feet. It was not until December, 1903, that they first attempted a flight with a power craft. A short but successful flight was made in the presence of a small company of witnesses.

How strange this flight seems to us now, when we think nothing of seeing a person rise up to an altitude of several thousand feet and remain there with

apparent ease and comfort, for many hours. The Wright brothers worked until 1906 before perfecting their machine, and then they patented it. Many new machines will be invented, but these inventions will have no effect upon the position of the Wrights. It was not until the sensational flight of Wilbur Wright, on which he carried an army officer one hundred and twenty-five miles at the speed of forty miles per hour, that the world fully realized what had been accomplished. Many announcements of the success of the Wright brothers had been made, but the world was skeptical and did not realize that the long-anticipated day of conquest had come. The last difficulty between theory and practice had been overcome, and always the names of Wilbur and Orville Wright will be remembered.

OSBORNE LAMOREE, '17.

The Animated Cartoon

LITTLE do we realize the work and patience required to film an animated cartoon. If we stop to think, it will soon dawn upon us that an animated cartoon of twenty minutes' duration, with sixteen separate pictures projected on the screen per second, requires no little time in the making, often taking a month or more for the work.

To prepare sixteen thousand pen-and-ink cartoons, each a separate and distinct drawing, and then photograph them one at a time on a strip of motion-picture film, is the task confronting the cartoonist. It is in knowing just how different to make the successive pictures that the skill centers in producing the film.

The various backgrounds of an animated cartoon are drawn but once, for it would involve a great deal of useless work if each drawing included its background. The moving figures or animated objects, on the other hand, must be drawn over and over again, with every successive drawing slightly different in order to convey the impression of animation or motion when the drawings are flashed rapidly before the eye, in their proper order of sequence. The sheets on which are drawn the animated objects are used in conjunction with the different backgrounds so as to make a complete cartoon. Sometimes the background may be in the form of a sheet of transparent celluloid, especially if the animated figure is to pass in back of the objects pictured on the transparent sheet. More generally, however, the background is in the form of a border covering certain parts of the sheet containing the animated object. Often the latter is cut out more or less, so that its figure can be made to overlap portions of the background, to give the appearance of passing in front of the background.

Considerable talent and knowledge of motion is a requisite in properly animating a drawing, in spite of the seeming simplicity of the cartoons when viewed on the screen. The movements of the characters in an animated cartoon must be convincing, and at the proper speed. If a man is walking down a street, for instance, the artist must know how many sketches are necessary to have his character cover the distance at the proper gait. If he uses too many sketches, the film production lags; if he uses too few, the movement becomes too jerky, and very trying on the eyes of the audience. It is, therefore, necessary for the master-artist to know how to make each drawing in relation to its mates.

A considerable amount of thought must also be devoted to the audience's understanding of the picture. The center of interest in a cartoon must always be played up prominently by subduing other features. For instance, if one of the characters throw a missile, it is necessary that there be no further movement of his arm after the missile begins to travel across the picture. The character—and every other character, for that matter—must remain absolutely rigid so that the attention of the audience will not be distracted from the missile, which, at that moment, is the center of interest.

Perfect register is a vital consideration in the preparation of animated cartoon drawings, because the tremendous magnification of the films on the screen causes

even the slightest lack of register to result in a serious jump and a consequent strain on the eyes. Easels and the photographing apparatus are arranged always to maintain the different sheets of paper in the same relative position. In some instances, the sheets are perforated with two holes, so as to engage with pins on the easels and on the photographing apparatus.

The master-artist works on an easel consisting of a slanting piece of ground glass held in a suitable frame, through which pass the rays of an electric lamp placed below it. Thus it is possible for him to lay a clean piece of paper over the last drawing and indicate on it the difference in position between the new drawing and its predecessor. By rapidly waving one end of the new drawing, while it is still in place over the preceding one, he can tell at a glance the extent of the animation he has secured.

It is the preparation of the drawings that requires time. The photographing of the drawings is accomplished by using a motion-picture camera mounted on a substantial wooden frame, with its lens pointing straight downward. A framing or registering device is placed on the table directly below the camera, while on either side are mercury vapor tubes which supply the necessary light for photographing the drawings. The camera is electrically operated by pressing a push-button at the side of the photographer, one picture being taken at a time.

The photographer assembles the backgrounds and animated drawings in their proper order, taking successive pictures by pressing the button. The work progresses at a fair rate of speed and in a manner not dissimilar to the feeding of a job press, although necessarily slower. In this way, the thousands of exposures are made at the rate of sixteen to every foot of film.

WINFORD JOST, '19.

The Doble Steam Car

As a general rule, we regard automobiles and automobile appliances as outside the province of steam, but for years we have held unswervingly to the belief that the steam engine would again be the most desirable motive power. It had fallen behind the internal combustion engine in efficiency and was classed as a back number. Abner Doble, convinced of the great advantages of power and flexibility of steam, held his faith to steam and for nine years toiled over this work which makes the Doble Steam Car pre-eminent among motor cars.

The Doble generator, or boiler, is of great interest to those acquainted with steam cars, because in the old steamers the greatest difficulty was in the boiler. It consists of twenty-eight identical sections; each section consists of two horizontal headers connected by sixteen vertical tubes. The tubes are made of cold-drawn, seamless steel tubing, one-half-inch in diameter, and welded at the ends. The generator sections are completely enclosed by a three-quarter-inch wall of Kieselguhr brick. This Kieselguhr brick is a remarkably effective non-conductor of heat. The fire-box is directly beneath the steam-generating sections.

Kerosene is the fuel used. Coal-oil or distillate can also be used. A small electric multivane blower, with a pressure of three pounds to a square inch, blows air, which is drawn through the radiator, over a Venturi tube, which vaporizes the fuel and blows it into the fire-box. Here it is ignited by an electric spark-plug, which shuts off automatically as the fire starts, and travels upward through the closely assembled water-tubes. From here the hot gases now pass over a wall three-quarters the height of the furnace, into what is called the economizer, and then it exhausts directly below.

The steam, after being generated, now passes the length of the car into the steam chest in the engine. The engine is a simple una-flow, single-expansion, two-cylinder, locomotive type steam engine, with a bore of five inches and a stroke of four inches. The slide valves are on top of the cylinders and are actuated by a

Joy valve-gear. (No eccentrics are needed for this gear, and it reverses the engine without the need of extra devices.) The cut-off is worked by a foot pedal and can be set at three-quarters for starting or heavy pulling, three-eighths for ordinary running and acceleration, and one-eighth for high speed and economy work. The valves are made in two pieces, so they can lift in slow running or whenever the compression exceeds the steam pressure in the chest. The crosshead is round, and thereby eliminates wear. The crank-shaft, differential and big end connecting rod bearings are annular rollers. The crank-case is an aluminum casting and contains the moving parts, except the piston and valves. Being of the *una-flow* type, where the steam travels in one direction from the intake valve to the center exhaust port, cylinder condensation is overcome.

Due to the low speed of the engine, geared nearly one to one with the axle, and to the steel bearings, no forced feed oiling system is necessary. The casing is oil-tight; the oil is always cool; and, as no carbon, water or gasoline can get into the oil, the supply in the crank-case lasts for a long time. The power is transmitted to the rear axle by a 47-tooth gear on the engine crank-shaft and 49-tooth gear on the differential.

The steam, after doing its work in the engine, is drawn to the top of the radiator. The radiator is another principle taken from the "gas car"; it is a honeycomb type. Here the steam is forced down through it by the pressure of the following steam and by the draft through the radiator caused by the multi-vane blower, and is condensed. The water of condensation enters the water-tank at the bottom, so any steam that is not condensed is at once condensed in bubbling up through the water. In pulling a heavy load a long time, a small part of the steam is condensed, and to guard against this a steam vent is provided in the top of the tank. This system is so effective that a Doble car can run approximately 1100 miles on one filling of water.

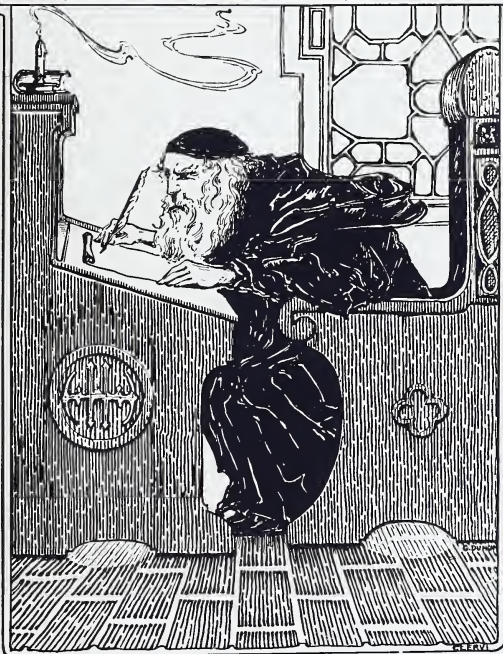
The lubrication of all the parts is accomplished by the addition of a small quantity of cylinder oil to the water in the water-tank. The oil is thoroughly mixed with the water on account of its heat and the splashing of the water caused by the unevenness in the road. The oil is pumped along, by a crank-driven plunger, with the water, into the generator. Here it coats the tubes with a thin coating of oil. While this coating is very thin at ordinary temperatures, it is very much thinner at 480° F., which is the approximate temperature of the generator at 600 pounds pressure.

No scale will stick to a surface coated with oil, so the inside of the generator is absolutely safe from scale and rust. The particles of scale coated with oil will not adhere to each other and, due to the steam flow, are carried along, finally ending in the water-tank. There is absolutely no contamination of the oil by gasoline or road dust, as in an internal combustion motor. The result of these facts is, that a Doble Steam Car can run 8000 miles on one gallon of oil.

For greater protection, a hydraulic brake is used. This is simple in design, being a plunger in a cylinder, and the water used is on pressure from the boiler. A three-way valve is also used. On the whole, the hydraulic brake is nearly the same as a Westinghouse air-brake. Also, a safety-valve is maintained on the boiler which "blows" at 1000 pounds pressure. This is hardly ever reached; the working pressure is about 600 pounds. The engine and water tank are below the frame of the car, thus insuring a stick-to-the-road sureness. It will climb any hill on which the wheels can secure traction. There are as many impulses per revolution of the wheel as on any late eight-cylinder car, thus making riding very smooth, as vibration is eliminated. The most important things about the Doble Steam Car are: no gears to shift; no clutch; no universal joints; no drive-shaft; and only twenty-two moving parts.

GEORGE NELSON, '17.

EDITORIALS



The L.W. L. Life

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OUR great confidence in the leaders of our nation assures us that the United States is justified in the step taken in the world conflict. This atmosphere of patriotism has necessarily brought to the front the question of military training in our high schools. We still feel that we have the best of the arguments when we adhere strictly as heretofore to compulsory athletic rather than military drill, for all students. We may need trained soldiers now or in the future, but who will deny that a good soldier cannot be made from an inferior physique. Get your foundation, which, in other words, means build up your stock all the way from their entrance into school, and you then have material from which to forge a worthy soldier or citizen. Why have Germany, the representative militaristic country, and Switzerland, the most advanced European republic, taken military training out of their high schools after having proved its inefficiency? Shall we adopt their discard, and why? Do you realize what a small proportion of boys reach the high school? Only the fittest of these would have the benefit of military training. Give *everyone* a realizing sense of what he owes his physical self, and, wherever he is, by the time he reaches the years required for military service, you will have material that can quickly be trained into the best national defense, which at this time seems to be a necessity.



EDITOR: Ted Maas

MANAGER: Robert Devereux

THIS is the season when thousands of editorials are addressed to the tens of thousands of graduating students all over this land. They all bristle with sage advice and axioms that make for success in the active business of life which faces this expectant army. It seems to us that this attitude generally taken, that a sort of crisis is before each graduating student, is a mistaken one and that the good counsel, though well-meant, is tardy. What the Senior has been doing during his school life he will continue to do in his life outside. Cause and effect are unalterable laws of our universe. The pupil who has learned to consider his schooling as his business, to be attended to conscientiously and with the expending of his best energy, will find little difficulty in proving himself a reliable, trustworthy employee, while the idler and shirker is likely to continue to idle, and shirk life's opportunities. The student who, during his school life, has learned to study, has placed his foot on a ladder whose full heights have never been reached. He will continue to climb and will always be found among the leaders. The student who considers himself educated at the completion of his curriculum, has already reached the fullness of the stunted growth he is capable of and belongs to the army of followers.

Whether your plans for the future have already materialized in a position or whether your first task is finding a niche for yourself, go at it with the same determination to make it a success. In accepting an opening, see that it has possibilities for advancement. A remunerative place that is a cul-de-sac is to be avoided at all costs, while meager pay and a place where a goal exists to be reached through ability is to be snatched at. If your plans include more advanced training in our universities, see that your efforts equal your opportunities. The better returns you demand, the better pay you will receive. Whether our girls leave us to enter the industrial life or to "order, comfort, and beautify" homes, let them utilize conscientiously what they have acquired during their years of training. If all of us strive for the greater development, whatever our work may be, our beloved L. W. L. will reap the results that we in all loyalty wish it to attain.

WHEN the present staff of LIFE took up its duties, it was confronted with problems, literary and financial, which must be solved before the publication of a journal could ever be thought of. We bravely faced the situation and finally made our plans for the year's work. A departure from precedent of some kind was necessary and so the plan of a "supplement" was conceived. Although it was of modest size, it proved itself to be a faithful recorder of the school's news. Not to make too great a change in our journal, the Christmas LIFE appeared in the form in which we have known it for so many years. March saw the production of another supplement, and now the Commencement issue is going to press as the last effort of the present staff. As has been the policy in the past, we have endeavored to follow a set plan in its art composition, and have chosen the mediæval motif for this, the journal of the class of 1917. Needless to say, this book would not have been possible without the co-operation of our director and faculty. The editor takes this opportunity to thank them, together with the Senior class for its moral and financial support, the staff for its sincere efforts, the photographers, the printers and engravers for their professional advice, and all who have supported the paper with contributions of any form. Our hope is that out of our efforts in producing this book may grow a richer, purer feeling of union and loyalty between Lick-Wilmerding and Lux, and if such should be the results, we are doubly paid.



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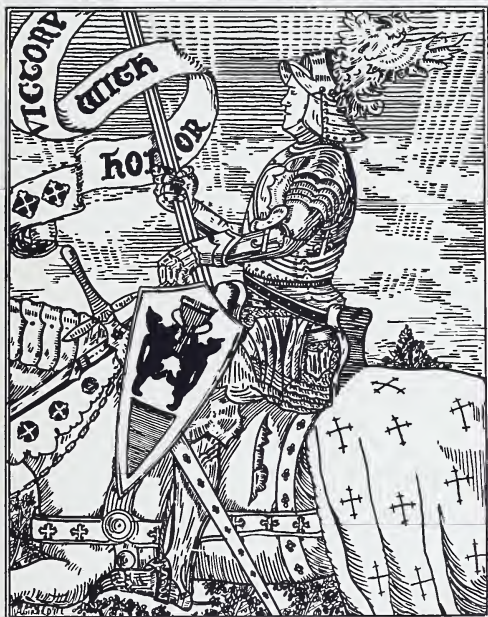
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G **H** **E** **L** **W** **L**

The Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Campus

JAMES LICK, an early citizen of San Francisco and a man prominent in the mechanical industries of the early days of this city, realized the necessity of a school or institution where boys and young men, striving for a place in life, could obtain a sufficient education to start them in some practical trade in which they were interested. It had always been his custom to assist those who needed help and to uplift any deserving man who was striving for something higher, and as he was a mechanic and craftsman of no small ability, he determined to establish an institution, founded on mechanical lines, where one could receive sufficient mechanical and academic knowledge to place him on a footing above the ordinary workman.

On September 21, 1875, Mr. Lick executed a deed of trust and set aside an endowment for the founding of a mechanical institution. Through a long delay and through prolonged litigation, the endowment was held up, and it was not until January 3, 1895, that the property was finally purchased, buildings erected and the school actually established.

The first buildings to be completed were the present building on Sixteenth and Utah Streets, which is used as an academic building, and the large building in which the pattern and machine shops are now located. The academic building is of the three-story type, with large class rooms and ample corridors, while the other building is used exclusively for shop work and originally held the entire shop departments of the school.

To increase still further our group of buildings, Mr. Jillis Clute Wilmerding, a prominent merchant of San Francisco, upon his death left an endowment for the founding of an institution somewhat similar to that founded by James Lick. For some years the matter was discussed pro and con by the Regents of the University of California, who were in charge of the fund, and finally property was purchased in the block adjoining the Lick School, and an establishment was founded for the teaching of the industrial building trades. The two schools being so near together and so similar in character, it was decided to allow the students of each to choose subjects from either school, but after a trial of a few years, this plan was abolished and the two schools were joined under one head, going by the name of the Lick and Wilmerding Schools.

In the meantime, the students of the Wilmerding School had started construction on a large, four-story academic building on the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Utah Streets. As rapidly as parts of this building were completed, the different shops from the Lick and Wilmerding Schools moved in, and the rooms made vacant by them were leased to different manufacturing companies.

In the summer of 1906, a block of land was purchased, bordered by Potrero Avenue, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Hampshire Streets, to be used as a future site for the schools.

In the will of the late Miranda W. Lux, sufficient funds were left by her for the establishment of an industrial school for girls, and this building was built on the new property on Potrero Avenue. The girls from the Lick School were transferred to this building, thereby having an institution to themselves.

Another building in our group is the new Ginn Home, made possible by the beneficence of the late Frederick B. Ginn, who bequeathed a large sum of money for the founding of a home for boys from the Protestant Orphan Asylum. A sufficient sum was added by Mrs. Ginn for furnishing and maintaining the establishment, and to this home the boys from the Protestant Orphan Asylum come while attending school. A public-spirited citizen of San Francisco had previously erected and maintained a building at Utah and Mariposa Streets, where boys from the Lick and Wilmerding Schools could board and room for an eco-



Lick Shop Building
Ginn House
Wilmerding Building

The "Rock"

Lick Academic Building
New Wilmerding Building
Lux Building

nomical sum. These boys have now moved to the Ginn Home, which is just across the street from the older Wilmerding building.

Taking all in all, we have a small colony all our own, consisting of seven different buildings, which are all controlled and used by the school. It is our proud and expected hope to see the school buildings proper all under one roof on the new property on Potrero Avenue. We look forward with great expectation to see the change take place in the near future.

Lux School



WHEN one speaks of Lux—or hears people speak of it,—the word school is hardly ever added, because everyone thinks of it as a home, not a school.

On entering the building, one's attention is not directed toward a sign indicating the direction or location of the office. Without any trouble, one finds a delightful reception room, always bright with lovely flowers, instead of the usual cold, formal office. At once one's curiosity is naturally aroused at this point in a desire to explore the contents of the building.

The Laundry is a place which holds much interest for everyone; a row of inviting, white enameled tubs, a neatly arranged number of ironing boards with electric appliances, and a steam drier, immediately arouse one's enthusiasm. Emphasis is not only laid on the proper way to wash, iron, and fold garments, but also on the importance of correct removal of stains, which may remain permanently if not properly treated.

Then, too, there is an attractive bedroom, neatly and artistically arranged. This room looks as if it were never occupied—it is always in such perfect order, due to the splendid care given it by the Freshman girls.

We often picture a work-room as an untidy place, but the Lux drawing room is not this sort of a room. It is here that the designs for the hats and dresses of the other departments are drafted. The stamping of patterns on garments, as well as the drawing of botany specimens, is all planned in this room. Sometimes the girls feel that it is more satisfactory to dye their own materials, before stamping them, in order to obtain a desired color; in this way the Laundry and the drawing room have an affiliation.

From the third floor comes floating through the halls the savory odors from the cooking laboratory. In this room it is certain that no germs exist, for the whiteness and spotlessness of everything would not permit. There are two long work tables which will accommodate about twenty girls each. Under each table is found an individual equipment. The gas jets above the tables are constantly in use by the hands of many smiling girls in white caps and aprons. From the kitchen there is a pass-pantry leading to the dining-room, and it is here one delights in seeing the well-stocked closet of jams, preserves, and other condiments made by the pupils.

Generally speaking, we would say that in the average home there would not be more than one or two sewing machines, at the most; but Lux is such a large home, and there are so many interested in the same things, that we find a number of machines—none too many. The sewing rooms have splendid, long tables for cutting, large cabinets in which to hang unfinished garments, and also pressing boards and electric irons. In the fitting room there is a long mirror, with three adjustable glasses, so that every line of a garment may be accurately examined.

On leaving the Elementary sewing room, we find ourselves in the blocking room, where girls delight in remodeling old hats. The steaming kettle also aids in transforming buckram into the desired shapes. The millinery room proper

contains several long work tables, and built-in cabinets where wire, buckram and fashion magazines are kept.

On a Wednesday afternoon anyone may enter the living room, which is a long narrow room, comfortably arranged—its walls and draperies lending a soft effect—and find the girls chatting over a cup of tea, or listening to a recital. At other times of the day, girls hold classes in it—such as the History of Furniture or the Study of Textiles, or the Friday morning dancing class.


About twelve o'clock, the third floor is the most popular place in the building, for it is here that one finds the Cafeteria. This is under the supervision of the Normal students, although some of the things made in the cooking department are sold here.

If we should enter the Hygiene room about nine in the morning we would see the Seniors busily engaged in rendering first aid to the injured, treating for shock, determining symptoms, bandaging wounds, putting splints on broken bones, and replacing dislocated bones.

At almost any hour of the day, the voices of the girls from the showers are heard. A visitor may be early enough to see one class dancing or another engaged in a game on the roof, where the physical culture classes are held. Besides these special departments, there are the regular class rooms, where English, Science, Botany, Physiology, and Mathematics are studied. The Lecture room is another of our interesting rooms. Curtains are arranged so that the room may be made totally dark, enabling us to use motion pictures for illustrated lectures. Here one is able to hear many splendid talks which broaden the mind and interest and direct thought in many channels.

From this brief résumé of the departments, it is evident that Lux holds all that it is possible for any girl to desire. The girls themselves appreciate their opportunity and make the most of all that is offered them.

The Shops of the Lick-Wilmerding Schools

HE Lick-Wilmerding School has gained a state-wide, if not a nationwide, reputation for its mechanical and educational achievements, and this reputation is upheld by the stream of men it turns out into the field year by year. We seem to have the advantage over the majority of schools in our shop work. This fact can only be attributed to the thorough and methodical method of teaching the elementary branches of mechanics from the Freshman to the Senior year.

In the first as well as in the second year, there is a regularly prescribed course that it is necessary for each enrolled student to follow, but along with his theoretical practice he gets some branch of shop work that is particularly adapted to his chosen interest. A Freshman must not only take his regular academic studies, but must also start on a course in mechanical drawing.

In first-year Mechanical Drawing, the course is mostly that of adapting the student to the use and handling of his instruments. The plates are exercises in pen work, and in accuracy in laying out geometric figures with the help of dividers, angles and square. The second year, more mechanical drawing is given, and the course now has advanced to such a state that the development of different geometric designs is carried to a further state of completion, and the art of isometric projections, penetrations and developments, and orthographic projections is taught.

In the third year there is no required course in drawing, but should the student wish, he may make Mechanical or Architectural Drawing his major study. If he should do this, the course continues, and more advanced work is given which

leads up to the final work in the Senior year. In the Senior year, actual design and computation of machines are taught. Gas engines, pumps, hoists, motors, etc., are all accurately computed and designed, later to be made and assembled in the shops.

The Pattern Shop is one of the most interesting departments of the school, and it is here that the Freshmen receive their first shop work. They are started out on a series of exercises to familiarize themselves with the handling of their tools, but as soon as they show any aptitude for the work, they are put to making the patterns for the machines designed in the Mechanical Drawing department.

The Pattern Shop is especially well equipped with a large assortment of lathes, planers, jointers, band-saws, etc., besides the large assortment of wood-working tools necessary for the completion of the work.

The Foundry closely follows on the footsteps of the Pattern Shop, as it is here the castings for the Machine Shop are poured. All the machinery completed in the Machine Shops is cast in the Foundry, and during the past year, exceptionally good castings have been made. The steam hoist recently completed was a product of the Foundry, as also were the castings for the lathes, motors and other products turned out by the Machine Shop during the past year.

Upon receipt of the castings from the Foundry, the Machine Shop immediately commences on the final stage of construction, and when this process is completed, the machine has passed through all the stages of mechanical perfection. Due to the large and varied assortment of tools and equipment in the shop, some very excellent work is turned out. The steam hoist, just completed, more than came up to expectations, and the large electric motor now under construction promises to be an excellent piece of work. A large number of automatic pipe-cutting machines were turned out and the two-stage air compressor has been assembled for its initial run. The Junior men in the shop have turned out lots of small work, and at the present time have the castings for next year's hoist in shape for machining. If their already high standard of workmanship is maintained, there is no doubt that some excellent work will be turned out next year.

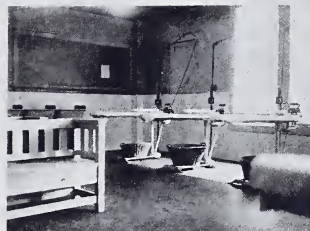
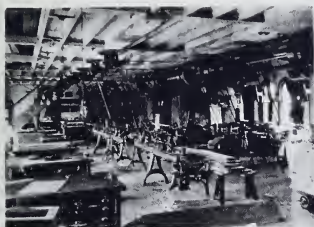
The Forge Shop plays an active part in the every-day life of the school, as it is here that all the lathe tools and high-grade steel equipment for lathe work are made.

Each student has a separate forge and locker, and is taught the different methods of welding, tempering, forge work, and general blacksmithing. A large trip-hammer of the automatic type is installed in one end of the shop, and here all the large forgings for the engines in the Machine Shop are made. Crankshafts and connecting-rods are made of the best steel, and given a thorough heat treatment. Ornamental iron work is taught, and during the past six months many sets of fancy andirons have been completed, as well as the iron fencing around the Wilmerding block. All the tools used in the Forge Shop are made by the students, under the supervision of Mr. Mathis, and so well are they made that many dozens of them have been sold to outside concerns.

A new shop was added to our list this year—the Automobile Shop—and so far it has been entirely successful in its work. The school was especially fortunate in securing a large and varied selection of tools and shop equipment from a large garage in one of the peninsula towns, and this equipment, together with what they already had, puts them in a position to do most any type of work.

The Electrical Shop has moved to its new quarters in the "new" Wilmerding building, and at the beginning of next term will be in condition to wind the motors now under construction in the shops.

The plumbing in conjunction with the sheet-metal department is in a state of migration, but in spite of the many difficulties involved, has turned out some work that is excellent in its character. When this shop is in its new quarters,



Pattern Shop
Lux Living Room
Lux Cooking Laboratory
Electrical Shop

Machine Shop
Lux Laundry
Lux Dining Room
Automobile Shop

it will be able to turn out work that will be on a par with that of the average plumber or tinsmith.

The Carpenter Shop has practically completed the woodwork in the "new" building, and by the time school opens again, it will have the building in tip-top shape. It has been in its new quarters since Christmas and is now thoroughly established and acclimated.

The Cabinet Shop is still in the old building, having had so much work on hand that it was impossible for it to move. Some excellent work has been turned out, the hand-carved mahogany furniture and boudoir sets being the main attraction. A large amount of cabinet work has also been completed for the Lux School and the University of California.

The youthful masons of the institution have been busy in finishing up the stone work on the Wilmerding building, and during the past year have finished the fancy fresco work around the window-casings and cornices.

The Architectural Drawing department has quite a corps of Senior apprentices this year and is proud of the work turned out. With the passing of this semester, the last group of students who have taken a four-year apprenticeship will graduate. A few of the students have completed plans in the class "A" type, while the majority are working on class "C" and frame structures. Plans, including full-size details, are drawn in the regular course of instruction. A great deal of detail work has been done for the Wilmerding building. Mr. Graham has several of his apprentices making a complete new set of plans for that structure.

The Chemistry department was particularly fortunate in having a large class of apprentices. The experiments were carried on in a highly satisfactory manner, and the Assay department conducted many interesting tests. This department was supplied with a new ball mill, made in the Machine Shop, and designed by Mr. Tibbetts. The results obtained with this new equipment were beyond all expectations, and the machine no doubt was responsible for a part of the excellent work turned out by this department.

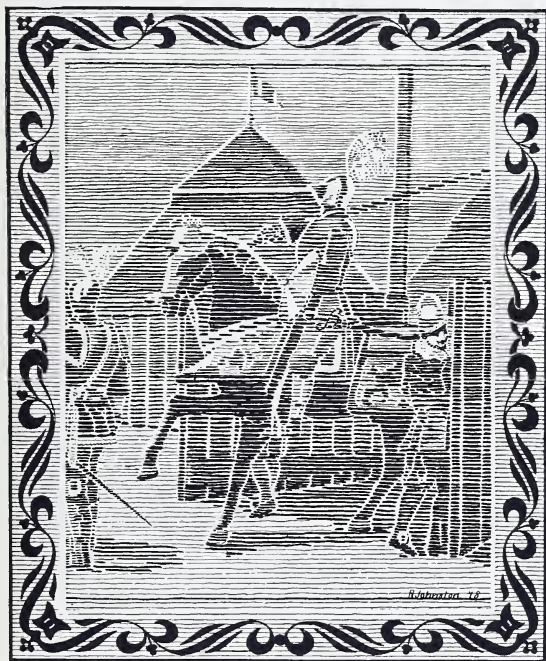
Lines on Graduating from High School

Our present opportunity will end
Ere many days of study flit us past;
And, as we happ'ly plan for these, our last,
There comes a thought of sadness which doth tend
To make us wish there were the means to mend
The wasted hours when study so harassed.
Full often in this weary mood we cast
Our books aside, toward Pleasure's Path to wend.

But let us rather hope and not dismay,
For fresher fountains bubble yet unseen.
And on the morrow of the newer day
We'll search beyond their mist and silvery sheen.
And when at last we drink mid dancing ray
We'll kneel to thank the school that All to us did mean.

PHILIP BECKMAN, '17.

ORGANIZATION



The Lux School

As we go through life, we find that in all cases we are striving toward a goal; often we are madly pursuing the unattainable. Some of us race on so fast that we forget everything in our efforts to catch that "something" which is forever tantalizingly before us. Many of us weary before we reach the goal; some other fellow with more strength keeps going upward, while we stop to rest. The result—he wins; we lose.

Our goal through high school is Knowledge and Success. Every member of the Senior class should be able to say, "I at last have reached the goal."

The past year at Lux has been particularly successful. With the inspiration of such a rare Faculty, the students have done some remarkable work. The Lux students are yearly beginning to realize more and more the big responsibility of student control. They have responded at all times with true spirit. Although the three schools are divided, the spirit is more strongly united. We find our Senior year closing with Success.

In connection with the loyal support of the students in student activities, too much cannot be said of the loyal co-operation of the Faculty. Besides being an inspiration, the Lux Faculty has set before the Lux girls the true ideals of life. Our great lessons at Lux are Self-reliance and Honor, which we gladly learn and remember.

The way has been so sweet; it has been thoughtfully carved out by loving hands; if one fails in attainment at Lux, it is due to the failure of the girl, not the school. Every Senior girl is exalted because she has gained so much from her school life. She secretly cherishes a desire to return to Freshman days and climb the ladder over again.

Our Student Body has increased in experience and numbers since our first organization a few years ago. We leave, hoping that Lux will continue to grow, that many girls will be fortunate enough to share its wonderful advantages. 1917 wishes Success to those who follow her.

I feel it my duty, as a closing remark, to urge the underclass students to keep up the spirit and, if such a thing be possible, to surpass the spirit of this year, by giving at all times generous support to all activities.

Your school is yours. It is before you, with its opportunities and advantages. It is for you to choose and select. Make the most of your time, so that in the future you will be unable to count the blessings of your Alma Mater.

ALICE KIRBY, '17, President Lux Student Body.





LUX STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Yvonne Lloyd
Margaret Moir

Alice Kirby
Berenice Wall

Francine Artigues
Miss Dresser



Scholl

Dale

Barratt
Lloyd

Oehlman

Steffen
Kirby

Antz

Grundy
Stott

Adams

THE LUX BOARD OF CONTROL



Lux Junior Class

THE Lux '18 class started in their Junior year with their usual spirit. The class officers were elected: Eris Paul, president; Margaret Moir, vice-president; Dora Bucher, treasurer; and Ellen Petersen (Marie Merrill), secretary. Early in the term, the '18 class purchased their class pins, which were the regulation Lux pins.

The usual annual Junior-Freshman picnic was held, with more than the usual success. The feature was a launch ride to Monticello Grove, a picnic lunch there, and the nice ride home.

With the L. W. L. Junior dance and play, our success was complete. Promising dramatic ability for our future Senior farce was evident. The dance was as enjoyable as the play in the point of success.

After Christmas, the L. W. '18-X class requested us to co-operate with them to make their Valentine party and reception for the '20-X class go down in history as a splendid time for all present. The result was more than anyone expected.

On one Saturday, the Junior Arts and Crafts and the Botany classes visited the Arequipa pottery works. A short walk for the collection of botany specimens followed in the afternoon.

Wednesday, May 2, the Junior class in the History of Costumes are to present a costume pageant, representing the different periods in dress design. We are also planning to entertain the Seniors in some way before their graduation.

1918 distinguished themselves in debating by defeating the Seniors. Since then, the inter-classes have been at a standstill, but the three Junior girls on the team give promise of a strong combination next year. Remember, Eris Paul, Marie Merrill and Stella Galli, that Lux expects something of you.

We have been at Lux three short years; we will come back in August,—Seniors. May that year be as happy and profitable as those we have passed.



Lux Sophomore Class

THE class is in the very capable hands of Helen Andrews, our former vice-president, because of Helen Kammerer's failure to return after the Christmas holidays.

Our first social event was a picnic on September 16th, at Stege Park. We did the usual things, having a lovely, if somewhat noisy time on the boat going over. Arriving at the park, we had some games, such as baseball, races, and other activities. After this, everyone voted it time to have lunch, which was furnished by the girls. In the afternoon we danced, and made frequent trips to the store, in search of soda water. We ended the day with a delightful, and again noisy return home.

During the latter part of last year, before the holidays, eight Sophomore girls took part in an Old English dance, which was presented under the direction of Miss Beard. The dance was given on the occasion of Mrs. J. Merrill's becoming a member of the Board of Directors of Lux.

After the holidays, a few of the Sophomore girls, under the direction of Miss Glass, presented two scenes from the "Merchant of Venice," the leading parts being taken by Brenda Robarts, as Portia, and Eleanor Propfe, as Launcelot.

We are considered lucky by the rest of the school, because the Faculty have permitted us to enjoy dancing every Monday afternoon at 3:10. They may well envy us, as we always have a lovely time.

We are great basketball enthusiasts and are able to boast of having four girls on the big team. We are, indeed, proud of these girls, our classmates. We also have a German bat-ball team, which has been fortunate in winning numerals awarded on account of a series of victories won from other classes.

Our past year has been one of profit and pleasure. We look forward to an important Junior year. Think of it, girls! We'll soon be Juniors.



Lux Freshman Class

WE wonder what impression we've made—good, bad, or indifferent? The Juniors, Seniors, and even the Sophomores, have treated us as if we needed care, since we entered the Lux School on that first morning of last August.

It is almost a year, now, since we were welcomed as a part of the Lux Student Body. The Freshmen hereby assure you that they are very grateful to all who helped to make it a pleasant year.

Perhaps we have been a great deal of trouble to both Faculty and Student Body, but they understand that the Freshmen are just eager to learn.

"Seek and you shall find," has been the motto for a great many of us. We are seeking knowledge. Have we found it? Yes. But now we want more, for knowledge is very sweet and increases in value as the years pass.

We hope to profit by the pleasant times which were given us, such as our wonderful Junior-Freshman picnic, and the Valentine party, to say nothing of the numerous rallies and teas.

The picnic was superintended by the Juniors, and it was certainly a credit to them. It was held at Paradise Cove. The day was an ideal one, just suitable for one round of fun after another. From the time we boarded the boat in the morning until we started for home in the afternoon, there was not a dull moment.

Our class met to elect class officers on October 31, 1916. Johanna Gunzburger was chosen president; Caroline Stelling, vice-president; Virginia Roddy, secretary; Gertrude Cramer, treasurer; Katherine Forrest, sergeant-at-arms, and Ethel Guran, song leader.

How far have we progressed? A great deal—and yet, a very short distance. We are on the edge of the first rung of the ladder of knowledge; our eyes and hands are searching for a firmer hold, for we are going to climb higher. We are going to make Lux proud of 1920.

The Lick-Wilmerding School



WHEN the Lick and Wilmerding schools were united, some two years ago, there was considerable talk as to the spirit that would exist between the two student bodies. The student bodies of both schools have now been united for the past two years and anyone watching the progress of the two can readily see that things are moving in a highly satisfactory manner, and a spirit exists that cannot be excelled by any other high school student body.

As President of the combined student bodies of the Lick-Wilmerding School it has been my good fortune to be in close touch with the different individuals about the campus who are prominent in the social and athletic development of the student activities, and never before has it been my pleasure to work with a corps of men who had the interest of the schools so much at heart. Many a time they have sacrificed their own time for the benefit of some activity or organization, with the result that during the past year some of the best athletic and literary works of the Bay regions have come from our school. In all work of the school and at all athletic gatherings the Student Body as a whole has been in evidence and unequalled support has been received.

Spirit is what counts. Along with spirit, and in co-operation with it, comes determination. When you see a chance to do a thing that will be for the benefit of all concerned, pitch into it with all that is in you and try to accomplish that for which you are striving. When some man sees you are in earnest it will affect him, and he in turn will try to help you, with the result that before long you will have the entire support of everyone concerned. When you see a captain or manager of a team asking for help or assistance, help him. Turn out yourself for the team or activity and if you are not successful stick around anyway and help get the rest of the men in shape. Support your activities. They are yours to do with what you please. You can make them or break them,—it lies entirely in your hands. Always keep the past before you. If in the past, teams and activities have been developed that have excelled those of the present day, try to surpass them and if you cannot do that, at least try to place yourself on a par with them. Look ahead as well as behind and strive for the highest.

During the past school year the different athletic activities have labored with varying degrees of success. The football team was probably the first in the field and at the first Student Body meeting the Captain and Manager made an earnest request for men to fill the vacancies left by those who had left the year before. The spirit of the school was behind them and immediately the ranks were filled and enough men were left over to form a second team.

Fellows, the spirit exists in this school. We know not why, nor how, but it is here, and it is up to you to keep it here. Get behind your activities, support the men you elect to fill your executive offices. Nothing gives a man more courage to go ahead than to know that the entire body is behind him, and to feel that his efforts are appreciated. You have selected men to fill your offices for the coming year and they are men who are thoroughly competent to fill the vacancies. These men are your men. You have been in close touch with them for the past three years and you know what they can do. Stick by them in the future as you have with us in the past and always bear in mind that "In unity there is strength."

MERTON H. KNOX, '17,

President Lick-Wilmerding Student Body.



LICK-WILMERDING STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Louis Imhof
Carl Hansen

Mr. Plumb
Harold Havre

Merton Knox
Robert Lamoree



Plant	King	Larsen	Robertson	Duchel	Anderson	Tosi
	Lamorce	Johnson	McDonald	Mr. Plumb		

LACK-WILMERDING BOARD OF CONTROL



Lick-Wilmerding Junior Class

THE '18 class has successfully piloted its way through the Junior year. Great things should be done by this class next year. Early in the term the following were selected '18J class officers: John Garat, president; Davidson, vice-president; Valci, secretary; Nauman, treasurer; Sagues, yell leader; Duckel, Board of Control, and McElroy, sergeant-at-arms.

The Junior Farce and Dance and the Junior Freshman Picnic were the two greatest achievements of the year and each was a tremendous success. The farce was good and developed some good actors in Sagues, McMahon, J. Garat, C. Anderson, and Davidson. The picnic was fine. Over two hundred and fifty participated in games and dancing at Paradise Cove.

The '18-X class has also finished a busy year. The following were officers last term: Reich, president; Gilbert, vice-president; Johnson, treasurer; Simonds, secretary, and Plant, Board of Control.

The Juniors ranked among the first in athletics this last year and can look back at its record with pride. On the first football team '18 had Captain-elect Rolph, Ayres, Bowes, Reich, Minshall, Gettings, and C. Garat. The second team included several more '18 class men.

In track, Carney, Davidson, Walton, Minshall, and Kemnitzer were big team men. The 130-pound basketball team, which played through a fine season, was practically an '18 class team with J. Garat and Davidson forwards; Ted Reich center, and Captain Carney and Nauman guards.

In swimming, Manager Nauman of the school team, Rolph, and C. Garat helped L.-W. tie for a championship. Debating was won for '18 for the third consecutive year by Cleveland, Anderson, and Nauman. In baseball, Captain Charley Garat of the school team, Carley, J. Garat, Davidson, and Brown were on the nine which defeated most of its opponents.



Lick -Wilmerding Sophomore Class

THE L-W. Sophomore classes have finished a successful semester with Tosi, president of the June class, and Mitchell, president of the Christmas section. The other officers of the June class are: Kapperman, vice-president; Biro, secretary; Schubert, treasurer; Kraut, sergeant-at-arms; Durr, yell leader, and King, Board of Control. Headman, vice-president; Knipe, secretary; Stone, treasurer; Schumacher, yell leader, and Larsen, Board of Control, are the remainder of the Christmas class officers.

Good support has been given by the members of the '19 classes to the various organizations of the school, especially to the orchestra and camera club. The others have not been slighted, for they all have energetic members from this class. The fellows did their part well in advertising the Senior Farce. Several posters were made at both Lick and Wilmerding, which were distributed among the various high schools of the city.

In athletics, the '19 fellows have come out and backed up the swimming, baseball, track, ice-hockey, and tennis teams. But this is not all. Besides helping bring victory to the school, '19 has gained great honors for itself. In the swimming interclass, despite the fact that it had very few representatives, the class placed second. Then came the track interclass. The fellows showed up well and greatly surprised the school by taking first place. This event has not only brought victory to the class but it has uncovered some needed athletes for the future.

Not only has this class taken its part in activities with other classes, but it has daringly entered a field of its own. What are those crowds in the Lick corridor every week attracted by? It's the four-page sheet, "Given 'Em the Axe Weekly," printed by the ingenious hand of the editor. In this venture, in which the fellows have shown their pep and class spirit, the class believes the practice and success have justified the attempt.



Lick-Wilmerding Freshman Class

DURING the first six months of the Freshman year, 1920 J was organized by the Faculty under the following officers: Terry Holberton, '17, president; John Garat, '18, vice-president, and Russell, '19, secretary and treasurer. For six months these officers worked hard to put the class into condition. Their success is shown by the '20 class pep at all school functions.

After completing the preliminary state, '20-J elected their own officers with Banfield, president; De Ferrari, vice-president; Dealey, treasurer; Bibo, secretary, and Dabel, sergeant-at-arms. When Banfield resigned, upon leaving school, De Ferrari took the chair.

As is customary the '18-J class gave the Freshmen a picnic at Paradise Cove. It was an enjoyable affair and gave us an opportunity to meet some of the upper classmen. Figures show that two hundred and fifty students were present.

The Christmas class has as its officers: Stolz, '17, president; Delius, '18, vice-president; Knipe, '19, secretary and treasurer. This has been another hard-working bunch of fellows picked by the Faculty to lead the low '20 class.

The class as a whole did remarkably well in athletics, much material being found for school teams. In swimming '20 easily won the interclass, and Tait, Warwick, Patterson, Birmingham, Brann, and P. Young made the school team. In basketball the 100-lb. and 130-lb. interclass championships were won by the 1920 teams. Wank, Pearson, Barbe, Kasavan, and Karigan made the 100-lb. school team; Cahill and Dyson the 120-lb. team; Warwick the 130-lb. team; De Ferrari the 145-lb. team, and Gardiner the unlimited team.

In track, Cahill, Dabel, and Dixon were point winners, while several lighter stars, in the '20 class, scored. In football, baseball, and debating, '20 has always made a fight and shown to good advantage, but has failed to win.

The Freshman year is completed for some and with the start of the new year great things should be done by the '20 classes.



Helen Gardiner

Terry Holberton

Helen Greninger

OFFICERS OF THE L. W. L. D. S.

The L. W. L. Debating Society

THIS year has witnessed the entrance of the Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Debating Society into a new league. The Debating League of California has been disbanded and its place taken by the University League—a change which brings with it many advantages which we could not have in the old organization, and a change which is in accordance with the policies long supported by this school.

The schedules of debates for the past year has provided for simultaneous debates; that is, we have had to prepare both a negative and an affirmative team to debate upon the same subject and in the same evening—the negative team visiting the opposing school, the affirmative debating at home. It was at Lux that we played the part of host to the visiting negative teams of the other schools.

As far as the work of the debaters is concerned, we have much to be proud of; for they have put Lick-Wilmerding and Lux in second place among the city schools.

The first debate of the series was on the City Manager Form of Government. The High School of Commerce was defeated by our negative team at the Girls' High Auditorium by a score of 3 to 0. Our affirmative team lost to Berkeley High, 1 to 2, on the same evening.

An Alliance with the South American Countries for the upholding of the Monroe Doctrine was the subject of the next debate. Lowell High School defeated our affirmative team, while our negative scored two points to Humboldt Evening High School's one. Through some irregularity, the victory was first conceded to Humboldt but was later reversed in our favor.

Thus it is seen that we have entered our career in the new league in a worthy manner. It is to be hoped that the future debaters of this school will come to the front and maintain this high standard of work which has been established during the past year. Those debaters who have represented L.-W. and L. this year include Robert Devereux, Gerald Stacey, Leo Gianini, Marie Merrill, Helen Gardiner, and Esther Cohn. These people have devoted much of their time to the work of preparing their debates and the record that they have made stands as a testimonial of their success. The Student Body has ably shown its appreciation of the work

of the debaters by the support it has given at the debates. Perhaps the most important factor which tended to the success of the Debating Team was the help rendered by Miss Denny, Mr. Hansell, Miss Trott, and Miss Eppard in coaching them. We wish to take this opportunity to thank these teachers for their advice and assistance.

The society during the year had the following officers: Terry Holberton, president; Helen Greninger, vice-president; Helen Gardiner, secretary; Robert Devereux, treasurer, and Horace Cleveland, D. L. C. representative.

Elections have already been held for next year's officers, with the following results: Horace Cleveland, president; Eris Paul, vice-president; Gerald Nauman, treasurer; Marie Merrill, secretary, and Adrian Greenberg, representative to the D. L. S. F. (Debating League of San Francisco, an organization to provide for debates between the regular debating series of the University League).

With the election of such able officers as these promise to be, there can be no doubt as to the success of the society next year. Get behind them, fellows, and L.-W.-L. will have a society which they well may be proud of.



THE L. W. L. DEBATING TEAM

Gerald Stacey		Leo Giamini	Chesley Anderson
Helen Gardiner	Philip Beckman	Esther Cohn	Robert Devereux
			Marie Merrill



George Nevin

CAMERA CLUB OFFICERS
Lilas Rapp

Lawrence Sanden

The Lux Camera Club

THE LUX, as well as the Lick-Wilmerding Camera Club, has enjoyed a successful year. It would have been hard to pick out a better president than Lilas Rapp, who has devoted most of her time to the affairs of the club and has kept up the high standard of work set by the other officers in recent terms. The club gave several little affairs but the big one was on April 14th.

The Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Camera Clubs combined and gave a hike on April 14th, to Rock Springs. The entire two Student Bodys were invited and a large crowd was present. Under the special guidance of Miss Boulware and the chaperonage of Miss Dresser, Miss Woll, Miss Lightbody, and Miss Marshall, we followed the Double Bow Knot as far as West Point, and from there we went on to Rock Springs where the party had lunch. There was plenty of laughter and fun on the downward trip from Rattlesnake Trail into Muir Woods.

Girls, there is plenty of opportunity to use our splendidly equipped dark room. Come and learn of the various phases of photography and the art of picture taking will take on a new and far more charming aspect.

The L.-W. Camera Club

THE L.-W. Camera Club this year has undergone a great change. It started in last August with fifteen members under President Britt. It now has more than forty members paying dues to the treasurer, Grant Merrill, '18. Vernon Britt, president the first six months, got matters into shape as regards the membership. Nevin, the present president, saw completed the two new dark rooms. This makes a room for the enlarging camera, as well as one for developing, and one large one containing the lockers for developing or printing.

During this term several pleasure trips were taken about the bay. One of the most successful was the Camera Club hike to Rock Springs on April 14th.

On February 8th, an exhibition was held in the Camera Club rooms where all the members exhibited their prize pictures. On the Wednesday before Commencement the club has hopes of giving a large exhibition of pictures of the Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Clubs, after which dancing will be in vogue.



SAN DIEGO FAIR

Nevin, '18



Charles Glenn



Adolph Girard



Robert Lamoree

The Students' Exchange

THE Students' Exchange, better known as the "Hockshop," has in its second year, more than fulfilled even the brightest of its prophecies. It now has more than two and a half times the trade of its first year, and bids fair to show a greater increase next semester.

On the last day of the school year of 1915-16 the committee turned its affairs over to Knox, Devereux and Girard. Since then, owing to more imperative duties in behalf of the Student Body, Knox and Devereux were obliged to give up their work in the Exchange. Their duties were assumed by R. Lamoree and C. Glenn, and it has been under this regime that the greater part of the year has passed.

Too much credit cannot be given to A. Girard for his faithful, conscientious work in keeping the Exchange afloat.

By dint of hard work and experience, the "Hockshop" has built up a system of duplicate and colored tags which will in the future practically eliminate all errors.

The exchange now has on hand 498 books and thirty sets of molding tools. The forge and pattern tools have all been taken over by the shops. During the year the sale of books amounted to \$316.37, and the sale of new tools at the beginning of the term, \$79, making a total of \$395.37, which makes the figures of last year appear small indeed. The ten per cent is still deducted for running expenses and for the benefit of the Student Body, which makes the Students' Exchange a paying activity.

On the strength of this, the Exchange will be housed in larger and more comfortable quarters with the beginning of next year as there is not enough shelf space in the cabinet which it now occupies.

The future members of Exchange have been discussed by Mr. Heymann and the present board and in consequence, Kessler, Shaler and Pomeroy have been appointed. They are men who have given their loyal support to various school affairs and will be generously supported by the Student Body in turn.



The Glee Club

THE Glee Club is one of our most popular organizations. It is a chorus of mixed voices from Lick-Wilmerding and Lux. During the early part of the year, rehearsals were held at 8:15 A. M., but since the spring vacation the club has regularly met the second period, from 9:30 to 10:45. These meetings have been held in the Physics Laboratory under the leadership of Miss Denny.

Miss Margaret Stevenson, '16, has been the accompanist, and the club owes much of the success to Miss Stevenson's reliable and artistic work.

The club has appeared on such occasions as the Wilmerding Founder's Day, when it sang the Gavotte from "Erminie," arranged from Jacobowski, and at several rallies and social afternoons. At the present writing we are rehearsing Giese's "Flow'ret Forget-Me-Not" for Commencement music.

The names of the members follow:

Sopranos: Misses Wall, Greninger, Mark, Knief, Black, Stott, Ambler, Carson, Rapp, Swanstrom, Mackintosh, Mau, Lloyd, Renner.

First Altos: Misses Adams, Galli, Thielmeyer, Rumiguere.

Second Altos: Misses Purcell, Hopkinson, Maginnis, Cheney, Barrangon.

Tenors: Messrs. Rolph, Mutch, Olney, Taylor.

Basses: Messrs. Beckman, Clervi, Tisne, Eichorn, Spooner, Stacey, Kast, Schreyer, Schubert.

Lux Choral

The Lux Choral has been assiduously practicing, the Seniors and Juniors meeting together, the Freshmen practicing on alternate days. The practice for "La Golondrina" by all of the classes for the California Day program has been faithfully attended.

The songs, "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," by Pinuti, and "Flow'ret Forget-me-not," are being practiced by the mixed chorus for Commencement.

The Lick - Wilmerding Orchestra

THE Orchestra has successfully completed the year under the able guidance of Harry Clervi. For some time the members of the orchestra were few and practices were not often held for lack of members. Later in the year Clervi with the aid of Mr. Hansell succeeded in finding excellent talent amongst the classes and with some conscientious effort the orchestra was placed upon a satisfactory basis.

The results were noteworthy. The orchestra furnished music for the Senior Farce and by its excellence added greatly to the success of that function. Amongst the numbers played on that evening were "Bridal Rose Overture," a selection from "Firefly," and "Kiss of Spring Waltz." Their efforts were greatly appreciated by the audience and to the orchestra the Senior class is greatly indebted.

The orchestra has been practicing twice each week, on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at Wilmerding, and from amongst the present twelve members there will remain sufficient material to assure success for the following year. Clervi, the leader and first violinist, Albers, pianist, and Newmark of the drums, will leave this year, but the loss it is hoped will be filled by the new material. All those who play any instrument will be welcome additions to the orchestra.

During the latter part of the term the orchestra has been working upon the music to be played at the final rally and for the Commencement exercises.

This is an activity which deserves the earnest support of the entire Student Body. A school orchestra is an essential element in the L.-W. L. life. Their services are always an important feature of a great number of student activities. Support it and all will be fully repaid by its response.

The Lux Orchestra

BRIEF résumé of the activities of our orchestra will not be amiss at this time. The Lux orchestra was organized at the beginning of this term under the skillful guidance of Miss Lightbody and Miss Woll. It has so far succeeded in being rounded into shape beyond all expectations. We have not as yet made our appearance in public, owing, perhaps, to our innate modesty. Perhaps, too, to the foreseeing prudence of Miss Otto, who would see us launch on that enterprise well prepared, rather than risk embarrassment at an early date. But the outsiders should not judge of our activities merely by what they may have seen or heard of us at practice.

Drop into our living room any Friday afternoon and you will be pleased, if not surprised, to see us all busily congregated there, playing an upright piano, picking away at the mandolin in the approved Castilian style, or strumming away on the ukelele like an entertainer.

Before Christmas, if you had come around on any Thursday, your ears would have been pleased with the nightingale tunes of our famous cellist, Miss Golob, accompanied by the liquid melody of our violinist, Beatrice Barrangon. However, we have not been able to keep up these Thursday afternoon rehearsals. Our attention is now centered in the work of our Friday afternoon practice. Come in sometime and give us a little encouragement. In the coming semester, when we inflict ourselves on the indulgent public, you will recognize our maiden band as Vivian Juri, Evangeline Katsulis, Edna Grundy, Dorothy Hopkins, Elise Dagneau, Gladys Buck, and Maric Kast.

Our appearance at the last Christmas festivities was merely informal. There's a big surprise in store for you when the orchestra comes out to perform formally. Then we will make the name and fame of Lux more widespread, our numbers more numerous, ourselves more honored for our real worth than at present.



Beckman	Scott	Kaiser	Albers	Knorp	Larsen	Drew
Newmark	Hansen	Clervi (leader)	Scovel			
THE ORCHESTRA						

Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni



WE ARE at the close of a successful Alumni year. Not that our dance was the largest in Alumni history, not that our treasury is in a more prosperous condition than heretofore, perhaps we have accomplished no more than in previous years but everything we attempted did meet with success.

Our first venture in the year was the revue and dance held on October 21st at Knights of Columbus Hall. It was most ably managed by one of the Board of Directors, Louis H. Winters of the '11 Class, whose untiring efforts have been at the Alumni's service for many years. The program, composed principally of amateurs with a few professional numbers, was without doubt one of the best performances of its kind ever staged in San Francisco. When the curtain rose there were still a few seats that had not been disposed of but we are sure that the result of this exceptional program will be an S. R. O. sign at our next show.

On December 2nd, our Annual Ball and Reunion was attended by members from most of the classes from 1898 to 1916. On every side old friends met and re-lived the days that were spent together in school. Conversations began with, "Well, I haven't seen you since—" and before they were ended both had told of their good luck and their bad luck since leaving school—and it seemed to do them good. Yes, it was another Alumni success, as it always is, and the best time of the year.

Our card party in February at the Ginn Home brought together over a hundred Alumni and their friends. Progressive whist was played, there being a number of prizes donated, after which light refreshments were served by the girls with that perfect taste that can only be acquired by a course at Lux.

We have had good times—this Alumni of ours is firmly established. It is growing bigger and better every year and each graduate and student of Lick-Wilmerding and Lux has reason to be proud of it.

We have been very unfortunate in losing the leadership and helpful advice of one of our most able Directors, Julius O. Klein, who has recently found it necessary to resign from the Presidency of the Alumni Association. For many years an officer of the National Guard he has now successfully passed the examination and been accepted as 1st Lieutenant of the Signal Corps of the regular army. We hope this loss is but a temporary one as we have seldom been fortunate enough to have at the helm one with the ability and wisdom to guide that is his.

ROBERT H. WILSON, *President.*

Motor Technical Society



THE Motor Technical Society has completed its first year in excellent manner under Page as president and Maynard as secretary. The membership of the society is limited to ten Juniors and ten Seniors. Several lectures have been given during the term. Of the best was that given by George Nelson on the Doble Steam Car. Knox's lecture on Aviation, Mr. Heymann's lecture on the Development of the Steam Engine, Mr. Crawford's talk on the Miller Carbureter, and Mr. Martin's talk on the Cement Gun were all very good.

The society has taken excursions to the Hall-Scott Aviation Motor Company at Berkeley, Best Steel Foundry in Elmhurst; National Ice Company and Cold Storage plant; Pacific Gas and Electric plant; Union Iron Works of San Francisco, and the Judson Iron Works of Emeryville. Mr. Heymann and Mr. Plumb accompanied the club on several of these trips.

Next year's officers are Ed. Kessler, president, and Duckel, secretary and treasurer. These fellows are hard workers and no doubt will pull the club through a successful Senior year.

Lux Seminar

LUX SEMINAR has been as usual occupied with the regular courses, with the addition of extemporaneous speaking. There have been the lectures by outside speakers and very interesting ones they have been, too.

During the time that Miss Coffin was busily coaching the members of the Senior Play, Miss Glass took charge of the Seminar class.

Dr. de Ancona gave an illustrated lecture on the blood circulation. In connection with the Botany and Home class, students of the University of California have given several lectures. These lectures were accompanied by specimens of California shrubbery. In addition to these lectures Miss Boulware and Miss Denny gave some very interesting talks. Miss Boulware spoke on Japanese art. The pictures and prints exhibited were certainly appreciated. The laws which govern Japanese painting and the symbolical meanings were clearly followed. Miss Denny gave a series of talks on a very interesting and fascinating subject, Richard Wagner. His operas are an especially attractive study. The first few talks of the series were held in the living room, where Miss Denny illustrated her points by playing the motifs of some of the operas. The story of Richard Wagner's life and the tales of his operas are not easily forgotten.

The later lectures were given in combination with the pictures of some of the well-known operas. Accompanying these the music relating to the different scenes was played.

Miss Coffin has again taken charge of the students of Seminar, and the work of this quarter promises to be very different from that of other quarters. Our interest is kept alive and keen by the variations of the themes studied in this most interesting period.

The Stringed Orchestra

ALTHOUGH it has not been heard of very much lately, the Stringed Orchestra has been practicing faithfully for the rallies and school dances. The fellows are grateful to the Delmar Quartet for their playing at all school affairs.

Albers at the piano; Clervi, banjo and mandolin; Taylor, banjo-uke; and Newmark at the drums, form a combination which is surely hard to beat. These fellows are nearly all Seniors but as they have understudies, next term will not want for lack of the famous "Jazzy" music. At the Senior Farce, the school orchestra played the overture and numbers during the intermissions, but the stringed orchestra furnished the music for the dancing. Their efforts have been complimented.

The Radio Club

AFTER having its ups and downs for the first semester, the Radio Club, under President Taylor was getting on its feet again and new members were attending meetings. Better apparatus was installed and a few messages were received at the school office. Success was not to be ours, however, because the United States, when called into the European war, put the ban on all amateur wireless stations, so the L.-W. Club has closed its doors indefinitely.

A good receiving and sending set is in shape for use as soon as Uncle Sam allows the club to continue its work.



DRAMATICS

The Senior Farce

ON THE evening of Saturday, March 24, 1917, the Senior class presented "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace," a three-act comedy by Hubert Henry Davies, before a delighted audience.

A decided and an unparalleled success was this Senior Farce. The intricacies of difficult situations and the interpretations of the mature parts of men and women of the world, were handled in a finished fashion that would have done credit to professionals. A smoothness and a polish characterized the entire production which was ably coached by Miss Coffin.

Mrs. Gorrings, a woman with a fondness for jewels and conquests, was a guest at the home of Colonel Jardine and Mrs. Jardine. The quiet of the household was greatly disturbed by Mrs. Gorrings's sudden discovery that her very valuable and much-loved diamond necklace had disappeared. Her constantly repeated recital of the circumstances attendant upon the discovery, and her statement that her hostess, Mrs. Jardine, was the only one in the house at the time of the supposed theft, added to the humor of the situation. Colonel Jardine, a hospitable and delightful soul, had the difficult task of placating the wrath of his hysterical wife and soothing the injured feelings of Mrs. Gorrings. Mrs. Gorrings, intent upon telling every one of her misfortune, seized upon Captain Mowbray, also a guest in the house, as an interested audience. Captain Mowbray, experienced and fascinating, became deeply interested, not in Mrs. Gorrings, but in the daughter of the house, Isobel Jardine. Isobel, a charming and vivacious girl, was betrothed to another army officer, Lieutenant David Cairn. David began to realize that Mowbray's admiration for Isobel was growing, when he arrived upon the scene. Mowbray questioned David about his unheralded arrival the day of the theft, and commenced to attach suspicion to him, as the handkerchief which Mowbray loaned David was found by the former in a jardiniere with the lost necklace. Mr. Jernigan, a detective, was employed to solve the mystery and he accused Mowbray, because of the finding of his handkerchief with the jewels. The mystery was finally solved by the note of David which he left after a sudden departure, telling Isobel that he had been the thief, that he relinquished all claims to her heart and hand and that he was leaving for America. Mrs. Gorrings resolved to leave immediately for her home, and Vicky told Mowbray she would welcome him as a brother.

Berenice Wall, in the title role of Mrs. Gorrings, handled the part of the dashing visitor with considerable histrionic talent. Her extreme vivacity of manner added charm to the part.



CAST OF "MRS. GORING'S NECKLACE"

Mrs. Jardine, the over-taxed hostess, was most admirably presented by Helen Greninger. Miss Greninger interpreted the part of the hysterical and sorely-tried hostess with a marked degree of skill.

Hilda Hering, as Isobel, presented her lines with a power and personality that linger pleasantly in the memory.

Vicky, the attractive little sister, was naively played by Mildred Adams.

Yvonne Lloyd sustained successfully the dignity of Miss Potts, a friend of the Jardines.

Louis Imhof displayed marked ability in the role of Colonel Jardine. His geniality came over the footlights, and the ease with which he sympathetically portrayed the good Colonel had a professional stamp.

Clarence Lynn, tall and picturesque as Captain Mowbray, had the difficult part of the experienced soldier of fortune. Accused of the theft, he was the loyal friend of David and the center of several dramatic situations.

Roland Tisne, as Lieutenant David Cairn, lacked nothing of the usual fascination of the romantic villain.

Leo Gianini, in the role of Mr. Jernigan, the detective, harmonized with the thoroughly modern spirit of the play.

Robert Lamoree, as Charles the serving-man, scored a triumph, as did also Walter Nelson, in the role of Jebbs, the gardener.

Color, charm and atmosphere were afforded by the appearance of the members of the Country Club. Their genuine excitement over the polo game and their enthusiasm for Captain Mowbray's playing lent a realistic touch.

The Junior Play

LOCAL color and a holiday atmosphere distinguished "The Revolving Wedge," presented by the Juniors to precede their dance, Friday evening, November 24, 1916. The play was especially appropriate to the Thanksgiving season, affording more opportunity for clever and varied characterization than is usually found in a one-act farce. For the careful attention to detail, the ease and smoothness of the performance, the Juniors acknowledge their indebtedness to Miss Glass, who coached the production. The most striking and convincing impersonation was the work of Jacinto Sagues in the role of the irate father. The humor and interest of the situations depended largely upon his ability to sustain an exacting part.

Tessie Reilly endowed her Norah with a rich Irish brogue in addition to an enthusiasm and a liveliness of wit that won a ready response from her audience. George McMahon as the ardent and doughty policeman proved a veritable "Cock o' the Walk." Arden Davidson was acceptable as the Varsity football hero whose pretty sister Nell was played attractively by Frances Black. Stella Galli, John Garat, and Chesley Anderson completed the cast.

The Junior play is now established as an essential part of our dramatic program. With the organization of a Dramatic Club next year, it may be possible to present such sketches and playlets more frequently. The "Little Theatre" movement is making its appeal to the high schools throughout the country, and we are not far from having a "Little Theatre" in the Lux corridor. Our aim is toward a wider participation in that activity which one writer has called the Laboratory Course of the English Department.



CAST OF "THE REVOLVING WEDGE"

Dramatics at Lux

DURING the past year at Lux, dramatics have taken a prominent place among school activities.

The Normals started the ball rolling by presenting two sketches as part of their "Home Economics Day" program. The first, "Six Cups of Chocolate," portrayed a unique incident in the love affairs of six college girls. The cast was composed of Blanche Witherell, Jean Laboray, Ruth Carson, Hazel Glasgow, Florence Cummings, Lorette Roumiguere, and Hazel Elander.

The second sketch was an English comedy entitled "Between the Soup and the Savory." Being longer than the first, it permitted of very clever characterization, which was duly taken advantage of by the cast. There were only three characters, the lead being equally divided among them. The cast consisted of Marie, the cook,—Maude Butterworth; Ada, the maid,—Mary Merritt; Emily, the scullery maid,—Grace McCubbin. In their two sketches the Normals set a very high standard, which has been well lived up to by the following dramatic efforts.

The second dramatic event was at the Christmas Rally, when "The Ruggles' Christmas Dinner" from the "Birds' Christmas Carol" was presented. Minnie Steffen, from the Senior class, starred as Mrs. Ruggles, and we dare anyone to find a better Mrs. Ruggles. The part was a rather difficult one, but Minnie played it so naturally and so well that we felt no amateurishness whatever.

Later the Sophomores entertained one afternoon, by the presentation of an act from "The Merchant of Venice." This was in connection with class work, the study of "The Merchant of Venice" being an English class problem. The Sophomores are to be congratulated upon their very skillful interpretation of Shakespeare—no easy task.

Brenda Roberts, in a lovely white satin gown, made a very beautiful Portia, while Victorine Lundahl, in her mannish attire, a very handsome Bassanio. Lancelot was played by Eleanor Propfe, a long, difficult part but very well rendered. The rest of the cast were Nerissa, Nell Chope; Father, Grace Moriarity; Page, Margaret Barton.

The climax of the year in school entertainments has been "California Day." The program and day were entirely in charge of the Freshman class. Lux is especially proud of the fact that the work was entirely original; the dances, the poem, the costumes and all were Lux products.

The main part of the program was an Indian play taken from the legend of the Matilija Poppy, the Lux Flower. Beatrice Barrangon played the part of the beautiful Indian Princess, the pride of the Matilija tribe. The other characters were taken by: D. Giersche, lover; L. Vielhauer, father; K. Walden, Indian runner; padres, A. Witt, H. Winter, F. Schomaker; braves, S. Larne, G. Cramer, E. Watson; squaws, H. Francke, M. Hughes, M. Knocke.

The Freshmen have achieved something very fine and worth while in their "California Day." The dances, songs, music and costumes all lent themselves well to the atmosphere of the legend and all were symbolic of California. In time Miss Otto hopes to make this event an institution of the school as the "Senior Vestalia" has become.

It is from such dramatic training at school that the talent is obtained to produce, outside of school, such splendid farces as "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace" and the "Revolving Wedge." The Senior Farce was an unheard-of success and the Junior Farce followed a close second.

Miss Coffin and Miss Glass are to be heartily thanked by the L.-W. L. for their skillful coaching in dramatics this year. It is through their interest and untiring efforts that we have nothing but successes to record.



ATHLETICS



We did not succeed in winning the league this year, but we did turn out a team that the school may well be proud of. The members of the squad worked hard all the season. Great credit is due to "Art" Erb for the manner in which he coached the team. Although the material was light he developed a fast, hard-tackling squad that earned second place in the league. To the Student Body I express my thanks for their loyal support throughout the season. To the members of the team is due my thanks for their work in making the season a success.

CLARENCE LE GAL, *Captain.*

The Football Season

THE football team did not win the league championship, but their record for the season was a credit to the team and school. The team finished in second place, being defeated only by Lowell in the final game of the year.

Manager Duncan got up a good schedule of practice games which were played Wednesdays and Saturdays. University High was our first opponent; we downed them 10 to 3. San Mateo furnished the competition for our next game and were beaten 14 to 5. By this time Coach Erb had the team well in hand and sent them up against Berkeley High. Berkeley had almost the same team that had won the State Championship the year before, so our team did well in holding them to a 14 to 5 score. In this game the lightness of our team was as conspicuous as their hard tackling. A week later the team was decisively beaten by Oakland Tech. The team did not play together, but fought hard to prevent scores. Tech. was too heavy and had two good wings who were hard to stop. Our team lost, 33 to 0. The Stanford Third Varsity put up a good game against us and we had to display some good teamwork to beat them, 8 to 5. Tamalpais was a victim of our fast working backfield and was beaten 11 to 3. Palo Alto furnished our last practice game before the league. Their team was fast but was stopped by our tackling and hard working forwards.

Mission was to be our first league opponent but could not get a full team and had to forfeit. Poly was our first victim, going down before a 14 to 3 score. At half time the score was 3 to 3, but in the second half we scored three times, only one of which was converted.

Commerce managed to hold us for a short time but could offer no resistance when the team got going. The game was a one-sided affair, ending with our team on the long end of a 33 to 6 score.

In order to get into the finals we had to beat Cogswell. Cogswell appeared on the field with a heavy, formidable team and was ready to put up the fight that Cogswell is known for. The scrums were well matched with our backfield stronger than theirs. The ball was carried up and down the field, each team putting up



Tosi	Reich	Minshall	Ayers	Harrington	C. Garat	Garwin
Rowes	Crim	Devereux	Rolph	Holberton	Olney	
J. Garat	Lynn	Beninger	Le Gal (Capt.)	Duncan	Havre	
			LICK - WILMERDING FOOTBALL TEAM			

a solid defense when it neared their goal. We scored at the end of the first half but failed to convert. The second half was marked by the determined efforts of Cogswell to score, and by still more aggressive work on our part. Not until the end of the second half was a score made, but then Cogswell carried the ball over. The try was not converted and the whistle blew with the score tied at 3 to 3. Twenty minutes extra time was played and still no score. The game was then to be played over at a later date, but no suitable meeting could be arranged. As Cogswell was held to a tie by Poly, it then became unnecessary to play the game.

We then went up against Lowell in a game that will be remembered by all who saw it and those who heard of it. Lowell was over-confident of her squad of huskies and figured an easy win. The tackling of our team was "great" and before the first half was over the Lowell men were taught their respect for our ability. Their famed backfield could not get going. Lowell was within several yards of our goal on several occasions but could not carry the ball over. The half ended with no scores. The teams came back for the second half full of fight. Lowell's scrum was their strongest ground gainer, and it was a forward who finally carried the ball over. Set upon getting a try, our team followed up the kickoff and carried the ball to Lowell's territory but could not score. Lowell worked the ball back and when the whistle blew, the ball was still in play. We fought hard to carry the ball up the field, but in a loose pack the ball rolled to the Lowell half who dodged around the end and scored. That ended the game 6 to 0, but the Lick-Wilmerding team had more than made good for their year's work.

The fellows who made up the team were hard fighters and full of spirit, a true type of which was Captain Le Gal. He played wing forward, and was always on the ball and in the midst of the hard fighting. Manager Duncan played wing and was always working for the team. His full schedule, new ideas, and the securing of "Art" Erb as coach, were responsible for a successful season. In playing he could always be relied upon to stop a rush that came his way. Assisting Duncan as manager, J. Garat was a busy worker.

Ed. Crim was a fighting front ranker and was one of the hardest tacklers in the scrum.

"Fat" Shippey, at front rank, was full of fight and managed to hook the ball out of the opponents' scrum many times.

"Red" Gittings played breakaway and was always to be found wherever the ball was.

Charlie Benninger played the other breakaway and generally "smeared" his opponents. His good boot converted many tries.

"Dates" McDonald played at rear rank and was a scrappy player.

"Seth" Klinger dislocated his shoulder bone early in the season, but at the end of the season was playing a good game at rear rank.

Holberton, also a rear ranker, could be relied upon to put up a good game.

Maillot, at rear rank, was always in the game and fought hard.

Olney, Corwin and Bowes were substitute scrum men and worked hard.

"Tiny" Lynn was behind the scrum and was the best half-back in the league.

"Hose" Rolph played a dashing game at first five and for his good work on the team for the last three years, was elected captain.

Havre at second five was the most consistent ground-gamer on the team.

"Bob" Devereux played three-quarter and was a fast man, with a good swerve and a sure tackle.

Minshall, at wing, was a hard tackle and could carry the ball for good gains.

"Harry" Harrington played wing and was a fast back,

"Teddy" Reich, in the backfield, showed plenty of speed.

Ayres played at full-back and his long kicks and steady tackling saved many a score.



Walsh

Hauerken
Kahn

Davidson
A. Bibo

Young
P. Bibo

Devereux

Tennis at L.-W.

THE tennis team has been able to give a good account of itself this year. Having been almost a dead sport in this school, a tennis revival has taken with the fellows and a large number were in the interclasses. The new courts near Lux have been the practice grounds. A good schedule was drawn up, including games with schools about the bay, but for various reasons these games were not played. Belmont was the only school that was played and they took the doubles and one singles match from our players. In the coming C. I. F. and S. F. A. L. tournaments we have good chances of finishing among the leaders.

Manager Howard Young has worked hard to build up a team. He plays a consistent game and always does his best.

"Bob" Devereux plays a good game and has taken good care of the singles matches.

Walsh showed good form in all his matches and was a good doubles player. Hauerken, in the doubles, has played some spirited games.

The smaller players have been given a chance to show their ability in the 130-pound class. Representing the school in that division are two Freshmen, Bibo and Smith. Both play a fast game and are bound to make a good showing in their matches.



I am taking this opportunity to thank the members of the swimming team for their support. The turnout of the Student Body at the S. F. A. L. meet was fine. I think that those who saw the meet were more than satisfied with the showing made by our swimmers. It is a fact worth noting that Lick-Wilmerding placed in every event, besides tying for first place. In the North Coast Division of the C. I. F. our men succeeded in capturing the championship with a score of 37 points. Then they defeated Stockton, the Northern Interior Champions, by scoring 45 to their 34 points. We are fortunate in having a good Freshman representation on the team. This means more championships in the future. On behalf of all the fellows on the team, I thank the Student Body for their hearty support.

HAROLD HOLTZ, *Captain.*

The Swimming Team

NOR the first time in nine years Lowell did not win the S. F. A. L. swimming meet and it was our team that broke their long record. As in the last S. F. A. L. meet, the relay race again decided the victory. The fall meet was won by Lowell with 37 points to our 30.

This year we managed to tie Lowell for first place by scoring 42 points. We placed a man in every event, showing that the team was well balanced and not composed of a few stars. In the 50-yard dash Bermingham placed fourth; 50-yard-130-pounds, P. Young took third; 100-yard breast stroke, Nauman clipped $4/5$ of a second off the record, swimming the distance in $1:25 \frac{2}{5}$; Captain Holtz took third; 220-yards, Tait swam into second place; 100-yards, Mitchell was too fast for the other starters while H. Young took fourth; 50-yard back stroke, Mitchell came back and took fourth; 150-yard-130-pounds, P. Young finished second and Brann was fourth. The 440-yard event was won by Tait with Holtz right behind him. In fancy diving, Patterson outclassed all and was an easy first with a score of 48 out of a possible 50; Warwick dove into third place. In the plunge for distance, Mutch was a close fourth. The relay, which Lowell won, enabled them to tie us. Our team, composed of Bermingham, Rolph, Mutch, Holtz, Patterson and Mitchell, took a close second.

In the C. I. F. meet held a short time after the S. F. A. L. a full team was entered and a good showing was made, the team placing first scoring 37 points. The team next swam Stockton for the championship of Northern California. They won by a score of 45 to 34. Patterson, Nauman and Mitchell won their events, while Tait placed first in two races, winning the 220 and 440-yard swims. The team has earned the right to swim Pasadena High for the State championship.

Nauman managed the team this year and arranged several practice meets. One of these was against the Stanford Freshmen, which was lost by our team.

Captain Holtz was a steady member of the team for three years and was a regular point winner in all the meets he entered. His judgment in picking the team was greatly responsible for the showing made in placing a man in every event in the city meet.



Braun H. Young Patterson Ralph Garat Birmingham Holtz (Capt.) Mitchell P. Young Mutch Toit Warwick Nauman
 CHAMPIONSHIP L-W. SWIMMING TEAM



Although we did not win our blocks this year, the team fought hard to the finish. The girls showed up well for practice and those of the second team deserve much credit for the games they put up for the benefit of the team. Too much praise and credit cannot be given to Miss Beard, who inspired the team with that fighting spirit that carried it through the season.

I take this opportunity to thank the team for its endeavors and the Student Body for its loyal support.

MILDRED ADAMS, *Captain.*

Lux Basketball

BASKETBALL opened up with a great deal of vigor this year. Each class was anxious to have two or three members on the team. The class teams were chosen and the interclass games played first. After the interclass, practice for the big team started in earnest and two teams were chosen. With the help of the second team the first team was able to get in some good practice and had splendid subs to rely upon.

Our first game of the season, December 6, 1916, was with Lowell. We knew what we were going up against and it being our first game, the girls were not overconfident. Lowell had the advantage of size over us and it was hard for our forwards to get the ball past their guards. Due to the playing of Minnie Steffen, touch, the ball was many times directed toward our side of the court and a few points were made, the score being 60 to 8 in favor of Lowell.

The next game was with Fremont on February 1 and was played on our court. Although we lost to them the game was hotly contested and, due to the swift work of the centers, Francine Artigues and Agnes Dale, the score was kept down to 23 to 18.

On February 15 we journeyed to San Rafael to play San Rafael High. The team was not in good shape for this game but through the quick playing of Marjorie Stott and Helen Quanstrom, we managed to make 9 points to their 42.

For the next game on February 27, we traveled to Mill Valley to play Tamalpais Union High. The clever shots for the basket made by Mildred Adams and Helen Greninger, resulted in a score of 13 to 7 in favor of Lux.

The last game of the season was played at the Dominican Convent at San Rafael. Through the good playing and swift passing of Alice Swanstrom—forward, Marion Ryan—guard, and Florence Le Vance—center, the score in favor of Dominican Convent was kept down to 36 to 27.



Schraft	Ryan	Stott	Adams (Capt.)	Steffen	Greninger	Campbell
Quannstrom	Le Vance		Artigues	Swanstrom		Dale
LUX BASKETBALL TEAM						



Maillot Stacey Gianini
 Duchel Durr Robertson (Capt.) Tisne Gardner

Unlimited Basketball Team

THE unlimited team had a good season and won a majority of their games. They did not reach the basketball finals but were fighting hard all the time. Their first game was with Tamalpais High and although our team led at the first half 11 to 8, Tamalpais held them scoreless in the second, and won 22 to 11. The next game was with an independent team, the Tigers, which they beat 26 to 8. Going up against the Fort Barry team, which was much heavier, our team proved what they could do since they held Fort Barry to a 24 to 22 score. They met Fort Barry a short time later and beat them after a hard-fought game 26 to 23. Up to the last few minutes Fort Barry was ahead but the old spirit won out. The team next defeated the Naval Militia in an easy game 53 to 12.

The team played Mission in a league game and defeated them 43 to 36. The game was fast, with our teamwork catching the Mission players offguard many times. At half-time the score was 18 to 15 in our favor.

The St. Ignatius team could not stop our evenly-working players and we conquered 43-28.

The team then played Lowell for the division championship, but were no match for the heavier Lowell team, which won the game 39 to 15.

Captain Robertson was the leading player and led our team wisely and well.

Duckel played opposite his captain and found the basket when points were needed.

"Scrub" Gardner—center—outjumped almost all his opponents.

Gianini at guard was dependable at all times.

"Daffy" Maillot at guard played a good game and could hold his own.

Durr, Tisne and Mulford were always to be relied upon to uphold their part.



Devereux Harrington Stacey
De Ferrari Dixon (Capt.) Kuhn Collins

145-Lb. Team

THE new division in the league, a 145-pound class, was won by our team and the cup presented by Ellery Arms now rests in the cupcase. The team played Berkeley High and beat them 38 to 7. The game was fast and the teamwork was very good. At half-time the score was 15 to 4. The team next went up against the Olympic 145-pounders and was badly beaten 96 to 12. Despite the score, the team fought until the end of the game.

We played Santa Rosa on a Friday evening in their town. This game did not start until 10 o'clock. The first half was close, the score being 20 to 15 against us, but in the second half we could not score more than 7 points to Santa Rosa's 31, the game ending with a 51 to 27 score.

In the league, we had to play but one game against Lowell. We had perfect teamwork and at many times a forward received the ball under the basket with no guards near him. The team could not get going in the first half which ended 8 to 0 in our favor. In the second half our players worked smoothly and the score was run up to 35 points while Lowell could get but 7.

Dixon was elected captain at the beginning of the season and played a fine game at guard. He kept his opponents away from our basket and returned the ball with a fast throw.

Harrington played forward and found the basket from most every position.

Collins at forward was a steady shot and added many points to the score.

Devereux, at center, played a good all-round game and was an accurate shot.

Stacey at guard held his forwards with steady playing.

Kuhn and De Ferrari were substitutes and were ready to take part at any time.



Davidson Warwick Carney (Capt.) Nauman
Garat Reich

130-Lb. Team

THE 130-pound team built up a good record in their practice games and developed into a fast team when the league games started. Their first game was against Tamalpais High and they won by a 27 to 11 score. In their game with San Rafael they were without a regular forward and lost a close game 21 to 18. Hayward fell before their fast playing with a score of 48 to 12. The San Rafael Owls proved an easy game, our team winning 48 to 16. Berkeley "Y" could not stop them and another win was credited to the team by the decisive score of 48 to 14.

Berkeley High gave them their hardest game. Neither team could forge ahead and the score was tied several times, but by fast and clever playing our team won out by a 28 to 23 score. B'nai B'rith was beaten by them to the tune of 66 to 37.

In the league games the team played Lowell and beat them. The game was fast and well played. Teamwork was well carried out and as a result the first half ended with our team leading. The second half was a repetition of the first, so that Lowell was beaten 43-21.

The team next played St. Ignatius and was beaten in a fast game. The forwards could not get going at their best and the St. Ignatius forwards got past our guards enough to beat us 64-22.

"Red" Carney was elected as captain and he was a good leader.

John Garat played forward and could put the ball wherever he wanted.

Warwick played forward and could shoot accurately and consistently.

Davidson, at center, was a valuable man to the team as he could shoot well.

"Dutch" Koenig at guard worked hard and could cover his opponent.

Reich played at center and was a good player but inexperienced.

Nauman, at guard, played a steady game but was new and inexperienced.



Cahill
Dyson

Bibo (Capt.)
Costello

Maas

Nevin
Green

120-Lb. Team

THE 120-pound squad did not have as successful a season as some of the other teams, but they turned out a team that fought throughout the game, even if they had very little chance of winning. Their one practice game was against Berkeley "Y," and they were the victors by a 30 to 15 score.

In the league games, Mission defeated them after a fast game. They made a spirited rally toward the end of the game, but Mission's lead was too great and the final whistle blew with the score 29 to 14. The 120-pounders next met Lowell, but were outclassed by that team and were beaten 62 to 16. Against St. Ignatius they could do but little effective playing with the result that they were defeated 51 to 25.

Starting the season with but one veteran of last year's team, Captain Bibo managed to lay the foundation for a good team next year. Bibo played center and worked hard to keep his opponents from scoring.

Maas played a good game at forward and center.

L. Green at forward was a good shot and snappy player.

M. Green could find the basket with regularity and played a good game at forward.

Plant at guard was always playing the ball and could be relied upon.

J. Cahill played fast ball at guard. With more experience he should develop into one of the mainstays of next year's team.

Dyson was a guard who played his best and fought hard.

Nevin, a new player at guard, nearly always found his man and stuck to him.

Practice on a larger court and the development of teamwork should develop these men into a combination which should hold its own next year.



Brandt
Cohn

Stacey
Dickenson

Meyer (Capt.)
Lichtenberg

110-Lb. Team

THE lightweight players have found it difficult to get as many practice games as the heavier teams, and so were not given as good a chance to account for themselves. They have worked hard, however, and will be better fitted to play next year. Their one practice game was with Turn Verein, which resulted in their being beaten. In the league, the Lowell 110-pounders defeated our team 42 to 10. Inexperience and lack of teamwork were two causes of our defeat.

Playing against St. Ignatius, they put up a better fight and the game was snappy to the finish. But the St. Ignatius shooters were able to find the basket with better success than our players and were on the winning end of a 34 to 22 score. There was no Mission game as that school did not enter a team.

C. Meyer was elected captain and did much toward building up a team. He played center and was always on the ball.

Dickenson, the scrappy little forward, was one of the leading players of the team. He was a fast player and made his shots count.

Lichtenberg played forward and, although new at the game, was fighting hard from start to finish.

Brandt, at guard, could keep his opponent from running loose and stopped many probable scores.

Cohn, at guard, was a steady player and kept his opponent moving fast.

Charlot, at guard, always did his best and fought hard.

Fourtane played forward and could generally add to the score by some good shooting.

Practice and more experience should develop the above men into a good squad of players for next year.



Ravn
Pearson

Stacey
Jaenicke

Wank

Kasavan
Karigan

100-Lb. Team

THE little fellows of the school have their basketball team as well as the big fellows and a peppery bunch turned out for the team. Two practice games were played with Commerce—that school not being in our division—and both times Commerce won. The first game was well played and close, the final score being 22 to 21. The teams proved to be evenly matched in the second game, also, but Commerce won again by one point—24 to 23. A practice game with Poly was lost 20 to 13. Playing the Berkeley "Y" 110-pounders, the team put up a stiff fight but were defeated 25 to 20.

Their league game with Mission was won on a forfeit, Mission players failing to make the weight. A practice game was played and we won 30 to 15. The league game with Lowell was well contested, but Lowell was too strong for our team and won 29 to 18. St. Ignatius did not have a team.

Barbe was chosen captain but left school before the season was over. He played forward and was a good point-getter.

Ravn put up a good game at forward and was able to find the basket from different angles.

Jaenecke was always playing the ball and his work at forward was good.

Wank jumped at center and could feed his forwards quite often, besides being a fast player.

Pearson was a guard who could hold his own with any of his opponents.

Karigan played a good game at guard and could stick to his forward.

Kasavan, at guard, proved himself a snappy little player.

These men should develop into some good players as they gain in weight and experience.



The track team has had a good season. In all its meets the members have done their best. Its constant and steady training has shown that it has the spirit. The team was not made up of stars, but was well balanced in all respects. The track turnout was in every way satisfactory. In the S. F. A. L. meet held at Berkeley the unlimited team placed third and the weight team fourth. Although we hoped to do better than this we are satisfied with the result.

I wish to thank the members of the team for their loyal support, and hope that the efforts made this year will result in the success of future teams.

BERT HARRINGTON, *Captain.*

Track

THE track team has had a good season, having had several dual meets besides participating in the C. I. F. and S. F. A. L. track meets. There has been considerable activity among track men, the Wilmerding track and Jackson park being used as training grounds.

In the last S. F. A. L., our weight team took third place and the unlimited, placed fourth, but we have hopes of doing better in this S. F. A. L. The interclass was the first event of the year and was won by the Sophomores. A dual track meet was held with Santa Rosa at Santa Rosa and was won by that team 77 to 68. Klinger, Devereux and Harrington were high point winners for the team. The north-coast section of the C. I. F. was held at Stanford, and a full team was entered. Many of the members of the team counted upon to take places could not come up to their former marks and only Carney and Maynard placed. Carney took third in the low hurdles and Maynard, third in the discus. These two men with Harrington were entered in the C. I. F. meet at Berkeley, which took in every high school in the State. On the same day a dual meet was held with Cogswell and was won by them by the score of 116 to our 101 points.

We had five relay teams entered in the Lowell Relay Carnival, but due to the baseball game with Commerce on the same day, but one team could appear. The 120-pound team, composed of Ralston, Maas, Martin and Cahill, took third place.

In the S. F. A. L., Ralston should win the broad jump and "place" in the track events in the 110-pound class, while in the 120-pound class, Cahill, Martin, Maas and Mullen should do well. The 130-pound class has some good runners in Davidson, De Roco and Reich.

The unlimited class has some fast sprinters in Klinger, Devereux and Foster. Klinger should do well in the broad, and Devereux in the high and broad jumps. Tosi and Reeder are good middle distance men. Carney figures to place in the low hurdles. Kemnitzer is a good high stepper. Captain Harrington should place in the half-mile and mile, and Maynard should win in the weights.

Captain Harrington has managed to build up a track team that we hope will develop into a winner by next year.



Maas	Foster	Carney	Inhof	Tosi	Devereux
Thompson	Kennitzer	Harrington (Capt.)	Davidson	Hansen	Dable
Ralston	Cabill				Wank

LICK - WILMERDING TRACK TEAM



Taking advantage of this opportunity, I want to thank the fellows of the squad for their untiring efforts during the past season. Although we did not carry off the flag, they deserve great credit in the way they played as a unit. Baseball is gradually increasing in popularity as is seen by the fact that a second team played through nearly the entire season. "Artie" Wynne deserves our thanks for coaching us through the year. The Student Body supported the team at all its games and deserves the thanks of the team. All I can wish for now is that next year's captain may receive the same good support from the players and the Student Body, and if they do they will no doubt enjoy a very successful season.

CHARLES GARAT, *Captain.*

Baseball

THE baseball season started with the greatest amount of enthusiasm shown in several years. The team had most of last year's veterans in the lineup and made a good record in the practice games.

The first game was with Fremont and we won 3 to 1. Our team then played Berkeley and the score was 5 to 1 in our favor. Our only defeat was when the U. C. Freshmen scored 6 runs to our 2. The Deaf and Dumb School of Berkeley fell before us, 5 to 3; while Oakland Tech was subdued 6 to 5. Stanford Freshmen were beaten by our team, 7 to 6. In the game with Alameda, repeated bad decisions caused us to leave the field and forfeit the game, 9 to 0. We defeated Belmont, scoring 9 runs to their 5. Hitchcock was trounced 10 to 1. A second game with Belmont was won by us, 9 to 7. Tamalpais High could not score more than 3 runs while we were scoring 5. That ended our practice season and we met Lowell in our first league game. As the game was played during Easter vacation it was not very well supported. The game was well played and close. Goldstone pitched and allowed but two hits and one run. The team played together and a cleverly executed hit and run play scored two runs. Another run was made in the same inning and the game ended with the score 3 to 1.

Humboldt was our next opponent, and with Carley in the box for us, could not score a run. Fifteen Humboldt batters were sent back to the bench via the strikeout route. Hits were secured by us when they were needed and 9 runs were sent over the plate.

We next met Sacred Heart and the dope was favoring us to win, but when the last Sacred Heart batter came through in the pinch, we met our first league defeat. The game was the most exciting we had yet played and the score was tied three times. Beginning the ninth inning, we were behind 10 to 8, but with two men on, Goldstone scored both with a hit. Potter made a great dive for the plate for that tying run. Goldstone later scored, and we led 11 to 10. The first Sacred Heart batter reached first on a hit but was forced out at second. The next batter got a hit through short, that went into centerfield and took a high bound as the fielder was about to field it. A run scored and the batter reached third. A fly



Davidson	Maillet	Olney	Goldstone
Harrington	C. Garat (Capt.)	Potter	Coach
Carley	J. Garat	Barz	Wynne
		Brown	

LICK - WILMERDING BASEBALL TEAM

ball was hit between first and second, and after a hard try, the second baseman caught the ball, fell and dropped it, a run scoring and the game lost 12 to 11.

We went into the game with Commerce determined to put up a good fight, but our showing was worse than at any other game. Carley pitched a good ball out-pitching the opposing pitcher. When our men got on bases, they ran wild and we lost the game and our chance for a championship. The final score showed that Commerce whitewashed us 9 to 0.

Mission was our next opponent and the game finished with the score 6 to 1 in our favor.

Coach Wynne devoted a great deal of time in developing teamwork and team-plays and great credit is due him for his interest in the team.

Goldstone was manager of the team and devoted all his interest to his position. A good practice schedule was arranged by him. His position on the team was pitcher, and he twirled some fine games. He also played in the in and outfields.

Captain C. Garat had plenty of "pep" in the catcher's box and was one of the best catchers in the league.

Carley was a pitcher and lost but one game. His strikeouts numbered from eight to fifteen in every game. He also played in the outfield.

Barz at first base could dig the ball out of the dirt or spear high throws and saved the infielders many an error.

J. Garat played a good game at second base and was a consistent hitter.

Potter at shortstop could get anything that came his way and was a good hitter.

Maillot could play third base in good style and covered a good deal of ground.

Brown in the outfield was a good fielder and generally managed to get on the bases.

Davidson in the outfield was a fast player and could hit well.

Harrington in the outfield could get any ball that came his way.

Olney could come through with a pinch hit every time he batted.

Lux Gymnasium

Now that exhibition time is drawing near each class is striving hard to outdo the other in the perfection of their dances. Miss Beard is very painstaking in her selection of the dances and good ones are always assured.

The Seniors are working on a Spanish dance, "Bolero," for exhibition. The Senior ceremony is also taking up much of their time.

The Juniors will dance a Russian dance, "Magyar." The Russian Cossack costumes to be worn in this dance will prove very effective.

The Sophomores have three dances to their credit. Gavotte, Gavotte Pastorale and the Skaters' Waltz.

The Freshmen will surprise us with five dances. The Irish duet, Swedish dances, Estudiantina, Indian dance and the Matilija Poppy dance.

Now that the basketball season is over the girls have turned their interest to volley ball. This is a popular game at Lux and each class is expected to turn out a good team, so a hot race for numerals and the interclass honors will ensue.

The games could not be played on Wednesday afternoons so it was decided to run them off during the noon hour.

The first game was played between the Seniors and Sophomores. It was a swift clean game, the Sophomores finally winning.

The next game was between the Juniors and Freshmen. Not much was expected from a Freshman team because some of the girls were new to the game, but it was a close contest, the Juniors winning 30 to 22.



Pomeroy Glenn Carlson Harrington McElroy Scovel Thompson Ritchie
Tait Coach Godfrey Corwin

Ice Hockey

A NEW sport has been introduced into the school and has been given good support. Due to the presence of ice rinks in the city, ice hockey has become popular and a good team has been turned out from Lick-Wilmerding. All the players were new at the game but were coached by Ogilvie and Godfrey of the Indoor Yacht Club team. Teamwork and a solid defense was well built after a few months' practice. Practice was held one morning every week before school hours. Commerce practiced with us in the mornings and games were played, of which we won the majority. In April, a league was formed with four teams entered, Poly, Commerce, Lowell and our team. The first game was with Lowell, and was won by their team by the close score of three goals to our two. It was a fast game with plenty of thrills.

The idea was first started at school by Captain Corwin. He plays right wing and his ability to lift the puck has resulted in many goals.

Harrington donned the pads and guards and took care of the goal in good style.

Ritchie played cover point and broke up many shots by his slashing stickwork.

Glover at point could carry the puck with clever skating and his long shot generally found the net.

Tait was one of the fastest skaters on the team and his fast playing at rover was always in evidence.

Scovel played center, and although small, could gain the puck on toss.

Thompson at left wing was a snappy player.



SETH KLINGER.

A good all-round athlete. Played on the football team until he was put out of the game with a broken shoulder. A good track man, running in the sprints and middle distances.



HAROLD HAVRE.

A sensational football player, always in the game. Also a member of the track team.



ADDISON CARLEY.

A steady pitcher on the baseball team, and a block "L-W" swimmer.



ED CRIM.

A hard fighting "footballer," who plays his hardest at all times. A block "L-W" man and a veteran of three seasons.



HOSMER ROLPH.

A fast football player who puts forth his best in every game. The captain of next year's team. Rolph wears his block letters in football.



ELMER MAILLOT.

A scrappy ball player and a good fielder. A block "L-W" man, who has seen four years on the team. Also a member of the basketball, football and track teams.

GEORGE CARNEY.

A block "L-W" track man, capable and counted upon to add to the score. Holder of the 130-lb. S. F. A. L. shot-put record with a mark of 43 feet 8½ inches. A winner in the high jump and a coming hurdler. Also 130-lb. basketball captain.

ROBERT DEVEREUX.

A good all-round athlete. Block "L-W" track man. A member of the football and tennis teams. Center on the championship 145-pound basketball team.

"TINY" LYNN.

The best halfback in the league and a successor to Walker. Star performer in the San Francisco-Alameda all-star game.

HAROLD GOLDSTONE.

A member of the baseball team for four years. A block "L-W" player and a capable manager of this year's team.

ROBERTSON.

Captain of the unlimited basketball team. "Robbie" was a star player at forward and a capable leader. Also a baseball player.

ARDEN DAVIDSON.

A flashy basketball player with plenty of spirit. A member of the track team and a coming football player. A block "L-W" man.



School Honors

Wearers of the Block "LW"

LE GAL, '17, <i>Football</i>	COLLINS, '20, <i>Tennis</i>
CRIM, '17, <i>Football</i>	HOLTZ, '17, <i>Swimming</i>
DUNCAN, '17, <i>Football</i>	MUTCH, '17, <i>Swimming</i>
HOLBERTON, '17, <i>Football</i>	NAUMAN, '18, <i>Swimming</i>
ROLPH, '18, <i>Football</i>	CARLEY, '18, <i>Swimming</i>
DEVEREUX, '17, <i>Track</i>	MITCHELL, '19, <i>Swimming</i>
MAYNARD, '17, <i>Track</i>	TAIT, '20, <i>Swimming</i>
CARNEY, '18, <i>Track</i>	BERMINGHAM, '20, <i>Swimming</i>
DAVIDSON, '18, <i>Track</i>	P. YOUNG, '20, <i>Swimming</i>
RALSTON, '19, <i>Track</i>	PATTERSON, '20, <i>Swimming</i>
CAHILL, '20, <i>Track</i>	STACEY, '17, <i>Basketball</i>
GOLDSTONE, '17, <i>Baseball</i>	DEVEREUX, '17, <i>Basketball</i>
MAILLOT, '17, <i>Baseball</i>	HARRINGTON, '17, <i>Honor Block</i>

Wearers of the Lux Block "L"

MINNIE STEFFEN, '17, <i>Basketball</i>	AGNES DALE, '18, <i>Basketball</i>
MILDRED ADAMS, '17, <i>Basketball</i>	ELEANOR PROPFE, '19, <i>Basketball</i>
FRANCINE ARTIGUES, '18, <i>Basketball</i>	ESTHER COHN, '17, <i>Debating</i>

Wearers of the Circle Block "LW"

CORWIN, P. G., <i>Football</i>	HARRINGTON, '17, <i>Football</i>
KLINGER, P. G., <i>Football</i>	MINSHALL, '18, <i>Football</i>
BENNINGER, '16, <i>Football</i>	AYRES, '18, <i>Football</i>
OLNEY, '17, <i>Football</i>	REICH, '18, <i>Football</i>
HAVRE, '17, <i>Football</i>	BOWES, '19, <i>Football</i>
ROTH, '17, <i>Football</i>	LYNN, '19, <i>Football</i>
DEVEREUX, '17, <i>Football</i>	H. YOUNG, '17, <i>Swimming</i>
SHIPEY, '17, <i>Football</i>	ROLPH, '18, <i>Swimming</i>
MAILLOT, '17, <i>Football</i>	WARWICK, '20, <i>Swimming</i>

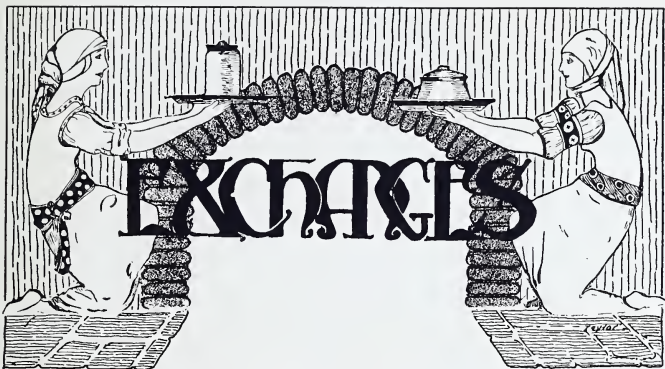
BRANN, '20, *Swimming*

Enlisted Men

GEORGE W. DUNCAN, '17-J, <i>Naval Mechanic</i>	MERTON H. KNOX, '17-J, <i>Army Aviation Service</i>
HAROLD L. NEWMAN, '17-X, <i>Army Wireless Operator</i>	ERNEST HONNERT, <i>Special Student, Navy</i>

Debating Block

STACEY, '17, <i>Debating</i>	BECKMAN, '17, <i>Debating</i>
GIANINI, '17, <i>Debating</i>	DEVEREUX, '17, <i>Debating</i>



A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.

Library of the Exchange Editor's home.

CAST.

Names are given in the order of their appearance on the scene.

Exchange Editor; A Friend.

PLACE: San Francisco, Calif., U. S.

TIME: Present.

Stage (space) under direction of Editor-in-Chief.

Books furnished with the compliments and best wishes of the various high schools of the United States and Canada and the Islands.

Furniture furnished through the courtesy of the L.-W. Cabinet Shop.

Produced under personal direction of Exchange Editor.

Enter Exchange Editor with a large stack of High School Magazines, followed by a boy friend.

Ex. Ed.—Oh! boy, I've got work for a week here. Want to look at some while I write 'em up, Bob?

Bob—Sure. Gee! This is a peach.

Ex. Ed.—Which? Oh, that? You're right. That's the 1916 Commencement issue of the *Cogswell*.

Bob—Their photos of doings around the school make it interesting, don't they? They have several good cartoons, too. Have you read this story, "The Double Capture"?

Ex. Ed.—Yes. It is a good story, but I think that two or three shorter stories in the place of such a long one is better for high school papers. Here, take a look at *The Camosun* from the Victoria High School in British Columbia. Here are four issues. The only fault I can find with them is that they have the same cover design on all issues except the Christmas issue.

Bob—Yes, and even in that they didn't change the cuts for Editorials, Athletics, Cadet News and Exchanges.

Ex. Ed.—They should call on their artists to let them have some new headings. Changing cover designs and cuts improves a book greatly.

Bob—Here's another that uses the same cuts year in and year out, *The Adjutant*, of The Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy. This is the 1916 Christmas issue, and I have an *Adjutant* that a friend gave me about a year ago with exactly the same cuts in nearly every department.

Ex. Ed.—Here is a book of just the opposite way of doing things. *The Nugget* of the Lead High School of South Dakota, though it has only a few cuts, changes nearly all of them every issue. *The Nugget's* Literary department is its feature. If you read a few you will agree with me that the stories in that book far surpass the ordinary high school work.

Bob—Yes, it is a good paper, but they have omitted a table of contents.

Ex. Ed.—Have you seen *The Potter Shield*? It has a fine literary department and its joke department is great. It would be better if they would scatter some of their many good jokes through their ads, because when a person reaches the ad section and finds no more reading matter, he usually stops. If there are jokes mixed in, the reader looks at both ad and joke.

Bob—What is this peculiar shaped book?

Ex. Ed.—That is the *Totem* from the Lincoln High School of Seattle. It is some magazine, too. They have a happy faculty of mixing poetry and prose so that neither becomes monotonous. They write their sporting news up in a manner similar to the way we do in our supplement numbers.

Bob—Look, here is a paper published by girls. The *Nods and Becks* from Miss Head's School, Berkeley.

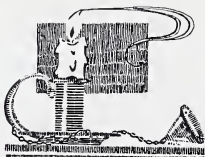
Ex. Ed.—I haven't seen it before; how is it?

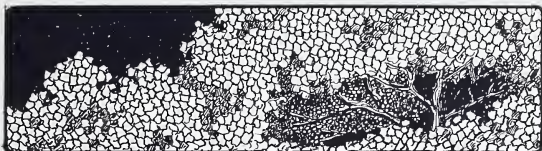
Bob—It is very good. The stories in it surprise me. Why, there isn't one single story that asks for votes for women! Their only trouble is that they, too, should change their cuts every once in a while.

Ex. Ed.—Here is a "bear" of a magazine, the *Ah La Ha Sa* of the Albert Lea High School of Minnesota. Their cuts deserve the highest praise. All of them are original and have some bearing on the subject for which they serve as headings.

Bob—Holy smoke! look at that clock; it's eleven o'clock. Home and bed for me; I've had enough of being a critic to last me about a year. Good-night. [Exit.]

Ex. Ed.—Good-night, be good. Gee! He's gone and I've got all these left: *The Exponent*, Greenfield High School; *Junto*, Easton, Pa.; *The Spectrum*, Jefferson High School; *The Review*, Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.; *The High School Herald*, Westfield High School; *The Messenger*, Wichita, Kansas; *Courier*, Boise, Idaho; *The Manualite*, State Manual Training Normal, Pittsburg, Kansas. [Exit.]





JOKES





ADVICE TO THE CLASSES THAT ARE TO COME

Never throw chalk or erasers at teachers to attract their attention.

A self-respecting drawing student never purloins more than two or three dozen thumb-tacks in one week.

Never permit yourself to do any work. By following such a course of procedure you will obtain that special degree of F. S. (Fired Student).

Never put your fingers in the cog-wheels of a lathe. Your carelessness may injure the machine.

Rock a crib gently during an examination, and never expose it to the evil eye of a teacher.

Never get more than ten conditions in six subjects or your standing as a student may be impaired.

Always allow your shop partner to shift belts, tend lathes, turn moulds and pour iron.

Never wear a full-dress (after the male idea) in the shops, but a full-dress as the ladies view it—as little as possible—is permissible and quite desirable, especially in the foundry.

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON A PIG

I must tell you what I know about a pig. A pig has got four legs; a leg on each corner; two legs in front and two behind. (I suppose any fool knows that.) Pig's feet are good to eat, but not until the pig's done using them. I like 'em; I like 'em pickled. A pig has got a tail; sometimes wears it on one side and sometimes on the other. I don't know what the style is now; pig sty-le I guess. It's fun to cut a pig's tail off, but it's wicked. A pig is just as big as a sheep; that is, if the sheep isn't too big for the pig. A sheep gambols; pigs don't gambol. Pigs wash themselves in mud. The more mud a pig gets the cleaner he thinks he is. I had a pet pig once; he's dead now. I liked that pig; we were just like two brothers. That's all I know about pigs.

HOW WE GOT OUR FLAG

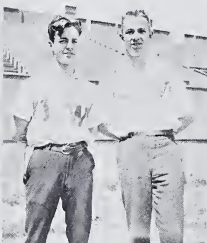
"Book One. Wunst the soldiers fighting King George found out that they had to have a flag. The soldier that thought of it first said, "Bill, we ain't got no flag," and Bill says it was so.

"Book Two. So they went to General George Washington, the Father of His Country, an' they says to General George Washington, 'General Washington, we ain't got no flag. Ain't it fierce?' and General George Washington says, 'Yes, that's so, we ain't got no flag. Ain't it fierce?'

"Book Three. So general George Washington, the Father of His Country, went to Betsy Ross who lived on the corner of Beacon and Chestnut streets, and General George Washington says, 'Betsy, we aint got no flag. Ain't it fierce?'

"Book Four. And General George Washington says, 'Ain't it fierce?' three times. And Betsy Ross she says, 'I should say it was fierce, General Washington, the Father of His Country! Here, you hold the baby, and I'll make one.' "

*Production of two boys. The way the Hull House thinks
Betsy Ross made the flag—JANE ADDAMS.*



A Senior Class Group
Our Machinists
Chemistry Apprentices

Our Electricians
The School's Noise Extractors
The Architects

The Auto Mechanics
The Mechanical Draftsmen
The Ball Team



VEGETABLE COURTSHIP

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion weepingly cried,
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin is your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me."
"Ah, spare me a cress," the tuber prayed,
"My cherry-ished bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me."
And as the wily tuber spoke
He grasped the bashful prize,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

I WONDER

"What can you mean," she said,
"By holding my hand so long?"
He got so terrily red,
And answered in this good song,
"Help, help, for I can't stop,
I was so easily led."

THE SENIOR'S ODE

The Seniors stand upon the Brink
And are lost in meditation,
Hoping they will not sink
On the edge of Graduation.

IN GERMAN

Miss Trott—Get your translation first.
Dora Bucher—Where will I get it?

This war has hiked up food and rates,
Till we should make a holler,
For while our money comes in by cents
It goes out by the dollar.

ODE OF WAR

Shots must fly,
Shells may burst,
Home stay I,
Safety First!

"CRAZY WITH THE HEAT"

The boy stood on the burning deck;
Relief ships blew their horns.
Alas! he could not move, because
The heat had popped his corns.

YES—IT WAS FRIDAY

Swimming Enthusiast—Meet tonight?
Beckman—No—fish.

Miss Denny—Define cynosure.
'18 X—A Jewish Church.

HEARD AT A TRACK MEET

She—My! this is a cold day to be without stockings.

He—You shouldn't have come without them.

K. McM.—What is the shape of a kiss?

C. G.—Give me one and we'll call it square.

Tisne—I'm bigger than you.

Beckman—You are if they measure by feet.

(The Doctor had ordered a flivver for Witt, to take off flesh. After a few days, the Doctor comes upon Witt.)

Doc—Well, have you taken off any flesh?

Witt—Have I? Gosh, just look at my skinned elbows!

Knox—I see you have purchased a runabout.

Maynard—Runabout is good! The darn thing will only run about five feet!"

Johnny (calling Davie's attention to some workmen fixing the car track)—Let me call your attention to that pile of dirt on your left hand.

Davie—I can't help it. I got it there from machine-shop.

Bowes—You should get up earlier.

Brown—Well, I set the alarm clock for six-thirty, but I never hear the fool thing unless I'm awake.

IN SCRUB ENGLISH

Miss T.—A sentence with "notwithstanding" in it, someone, please.

Bright Scrub—I wore my pants out, but not with standing.

PROBLEM SOLVED

When is a joke not a joke?

Well?

Usually.

Miss Marshall—Are you coming back for a P. G.?

Senior—No for a E. Z.

Audience—P. F.

H. Gardiner—I've had my pictures taken.

E. Cohn—Got the proofs?

H. Gardiner—No, you'll have to take my word for it.

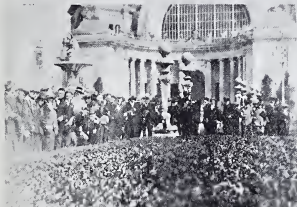
B. Roberts—It must be awful to have so many blow-outs and punctures.

E. Propfe—It doesn't bother me. I'm naturally of a re-tiring disposition.

She—Will you have a box of chocolates sent to my apartments immediately?

Chivalrous Clerk—All right, madam; sweets to the suite.





Low Scrub Class
Our Day at the Exposition
About a Year Ago

Patterson Diving
At that Game two Years Ago

Cast of the Sophomore Play
The "Jazz" Band
The Senior Girls

Fond Mother—You must be lonely at school now.

Son (Freshman)—Not very. There are several scrubs there that I know.

Fond Mother—Can't you find better people than that to play with?

(Fond Mother is somewhat surprised when informed of the status of her own son.)

Murphy (explaining suffrage in the state)—In some states a man has to be a male to vote.

Miss E.—Why are the Eastern people more conservative than the Western?

Murphy—Well, the Eastern people speak English.

Sophs (studying Wilson's speech)— * * * and the housewives can do their bit by cutting down their wastes.

WISE SENIOR

Senior (trying to stall father)—Dad, how is it that my hair has grown longer than yours, when yours has grown longer than mine?

Father—Here's thirty-five cents, go get a haircut. Then we'll be evenly skinned.

"Enlist! Enlist!"—the country's call—

"For service 'cross the sea,
To help our soldiers to defend
The rights of Liberty."

But yet before you rashly act,
A few words I would say,
Repeating only what have said
The wise men of today.

Our country's need is very great
For men in quantity,
But greater still—a greater need—
For men of quality.

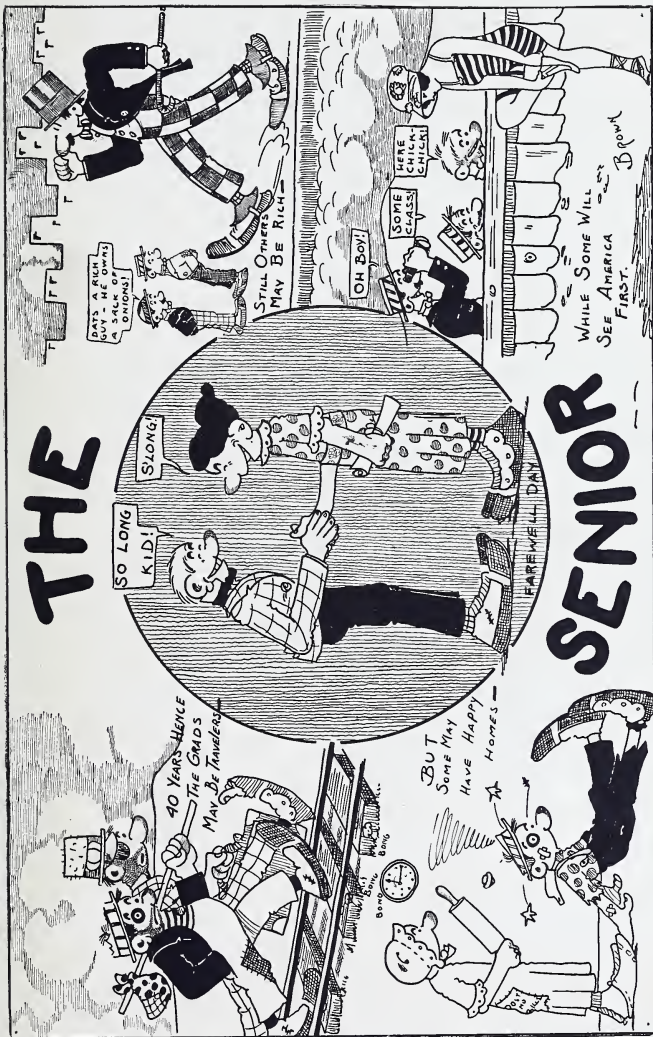
With this in mind, then, fellows,
For our country's sake remain;
Let Knowledge lead you forward
To what you'll later gain.

And having learned, then answer,
If our country's call then sounds,
For your service now weighs grams,
And your service then'll weigh pounds.

Miss Dresser (in general science, explaining use of CO in soda water)—So you see, after all, our so-called soda water is nothing but—

Intelligent Freshman—A fizzle.









DATE DUE

DEMCO 38-297

C.1 LWL life
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